The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1612 DEC. 13, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

"Luvisca" REGD SHIRTS PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

SHEER comfort, style, and good wear reward every purchase of "LUVISCA" Shirts, Soft Collars and Pyjamas.

COURTAULDS FABRIC

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB: Luvisca COURTAULDS

Sold by Leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. 125M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C. 1, who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

Drink Apollinaris Natural Mineral Water with your Whisky, and enjoy both.

Highly appreciated in the Skies.

By Appointment to H.M. King George V

CHAMPAGNE Charles Heidsieck REIMS

FINEST EXTRA QUALITY — CHARLES HEIDSIECK — EXTRA DRY

Served by Air Union on the "Golden Ray" Aeroplanes.

SEND 3D POSTAGE FOR FREE SAMPLE

BARKER DOBSON VERONA CHOCOLATES

MADE BY BARKER DOBSON LIVERPOOL ENG.

Test The Doctor's China Tea FREE. Simply send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, and we will promptly send you a 2-oz. packet of each of the 3/- and 3/8 qualities—making in all a free ½-lb. There is also a super quality at 4/2, a 2-oz. sample of which will be included on receipt of an additional 6d.

Send TO-DAY for your Free Tea and name of nearest Agent.

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, LTD. (Dept. 29) 30-34, Mincing Lane, London, E.C. 3.

DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

CVS. 10

SUMMER IN WINTER

ORIENT LINE TOURS To EGYPT & CEYLON REDUCED FARES

Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & CO., LTD., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

ELKINGTON & CO. LTD. LONDON, BIRMINGHAM, Etc. *Originators of ElectroPlate* *and Sole Manufacturers of Elkington Plate*

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

E&CO ELKINGTON PLATE *Marks of Quality.*

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FACING THE TUILERIES GARDENS. COMPLETELY Renovated Refurnished Rebuilt.

E. VELAINE, Managing Director.

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MOTOR—WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT—FIRE, Etc.

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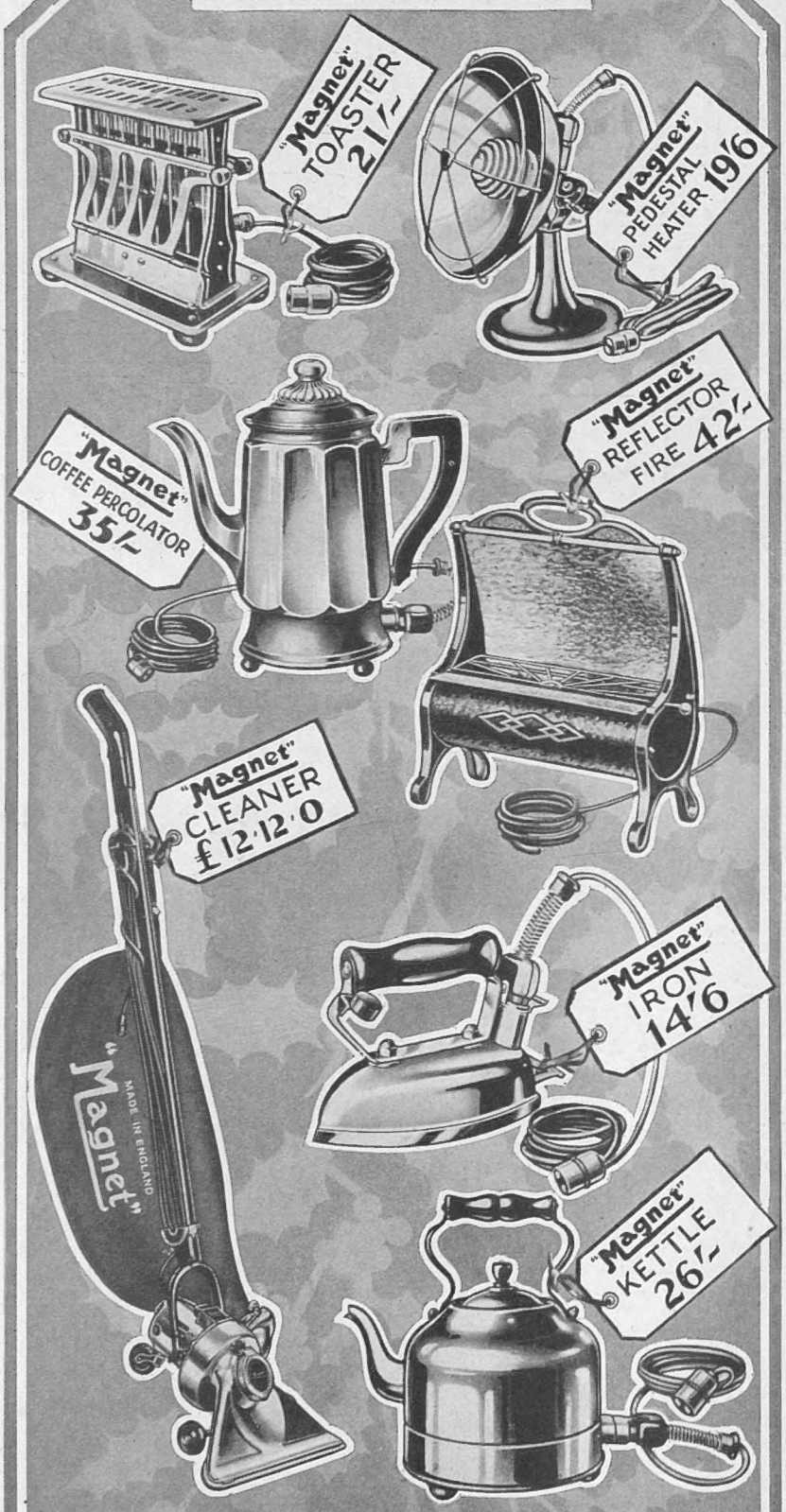
Head Office: 83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

EVERYTHING The G.E.C. your guarantee ELECTRICAL

"Magnet"

ELECTRICAL XMAS GIFTS

MADE IN ENGLAND



These and other G.E.C. Electrical and Wireless Gifts can be inspected at all Electrical Contractors, Wireless Dealers, Stores, and Showrooms of Electricity Supply Authorities. Also at

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.

Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

and at all G.E.C. Branches throughout the country.

WRITE for G.E.C. Xmas Illustrated Price Lists. SENT POST FREE.

VAPEX

(REG. TRADE MARK)

INHALANT

Breathing Passages Clear . . .
Germs Overcome . . . . . .
Your Cold must disappear . .

This is how "Vapex" conquers colds. Whilst the breathing passages are choked with mucus the respiratory system cannot function properly. If the germs are not dealt with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked.

"Vapex" succeeds because it deals with both the problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour from your handkerchief —

Opens a way through the mucus-laden passages of nose and throat.

Carries a powerfully active germicide right into the breeding places of the germs.

How "Vapex" acts

You can definitely feel the first part of the "Vapex" activity — the stuffiness and congestion are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal vapour is fighting the hidden infection which is the real cause of the trouble.

How Germs grow

The warm dark moist surfaces of the mucous membrane form an ideal nursery for germs which multiply at a most amazing rate, a single germ being capable of developing into seventeen millions in twelve hours. Hence the importance of dealing with a cold at the first symptoms.

Always keep "Vapex" in your Home.

Fly to "Vapex" at the first sign of a cold—the "stuffiness" which means that the germs are multiplying. Clear them out of your system before they become dangerous.

Use "Vapex" and Breathe!

Of Chemists 2/- and 3/- per bottle.

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd. Bardsley Vale, Lancs.

V67

After Outdoor Exercise Wash Out Your Pores

with

Cuticura Soap

and hot water

Anoint any redness or roughness with **Cuticura Ointment.** Nothing better for keeping the skin in good condition.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

Why go Grey?

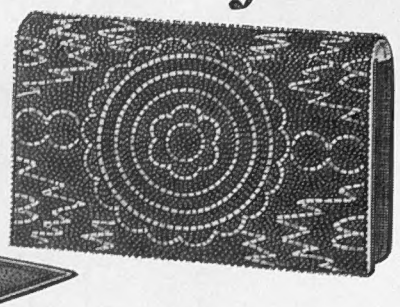
HINDES' HAIR TINT

Hindes' Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour forthwith—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores, 2/6 or direct:

HINDES, LTD., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

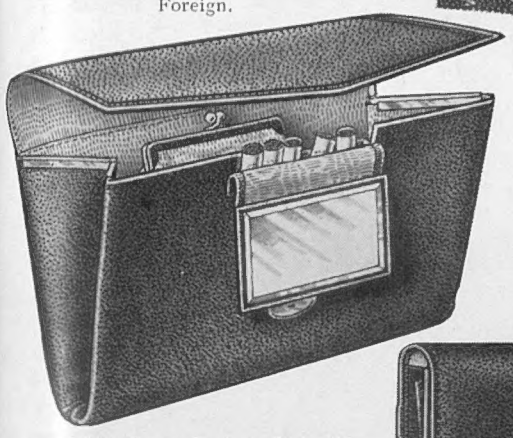
Christmas Gifts

New Handbags

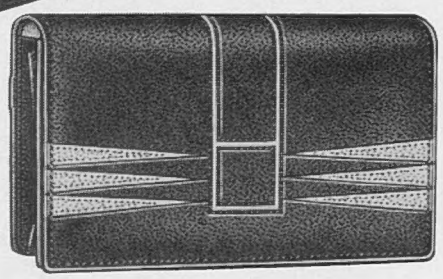


(At Right.) Artistic beaded pochette in various designs. Lined with artificial silk, and fitted with purse and strap at back. In black/gold, black/white, white/black or black/self. Size 7½ × 5. **23/9**

Foreign.



(At Left.) Novelty Morocco Pochette with cigarette division under drop mirror. Fitted framed purse and thumb strap at back. Lined moiré silk. In black, navy, beige or brown. Size 9 × 6. **18/11**



(At Right.) Smart Pochette in good quality morocco, with artistic design on flap with square for initial. Flap lined artificial silk, and fitted framed purse and drop mirror. In black, wine, navy, red, brown or jade. Size 8½ × 5½. **10/-**

Foreign.

(At Left.) Soft Patent Leather Vagabond Handbag, flap piped white kid. Lined artificial silk and fitted large framed purse and drop mirror. In black only. Size 8½ × 5½. **21/9**

Foreign.

Handbags : Ground Floor.

Hosiery in Gift Boxes

Pure Silk Hose, 44 gauge. Silk throughout, feet lisle lined. Fully fashioned with dainty clox. Suitable for day or evening wear. In new shades of beige, creole, nutone, suntan, beechnut, taupe or gunmetal. Sizes 8½ to 10. Price **11/9**

Three pairs in fancy box, **33/9**

Hosiery : Ground Floor.

SWAN & EDGAR

Swan & Edgar, Ltd. London, W.1. 'Phone : Regent 1616

After the theatre avoid SORE THROAT

gargle with

LISTERINE

BRAND

ANTISEPTIC

Whenever you experience sudden changes of temperature, as you do when returning from the theatre *or* a dance, you run the risk of cold, sore throat, bronchitis, "flu," and worse.

These troubles are caused by germs which get the upper hand when body resistance is lowered. Don't let them get serious.

On reaching home, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, it immediately kills the germs that cause infection. That great medical journal "The Lancet" has stated that even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Pneumococcus (Pneumonia) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed by it in 15 seconds.

Yet it is absolutely harmless to tissue—actually soothes it.

You will be delighted with its pleasant taste and odour, and amazed by the speed with which it gets results.

For nearly 50 years physicians have prescribed it as the ideal antiseptic when an antiseptic was needed.

Write for our helpful free book on personal hygiene to S. Maw Son & Sons, Ltd., 7-12, Aldersgate Street, E.C.1. Distributors for Great Britain and Ireland.

Prices : 3 oz. bottle 1/6. 7 oz. 3/-. 14 oz. 5/6

Obtainable at all Chemists

"Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds"

—The Lancet

THE **SAFE** ANTISEPTIC WITH THE **PLEASANT** TASTE

THESE WONDERFULLY COLOURED BRONZE STATUETTES ARE DELIGHTFUL AND NOVEL GIFTS

Foreign

OWL	FOX	ABERDEEN TERRIER	BULLDOG	SEALYHAM TERRIER	GOLDEN PHEASANT	CROWING COCK	PENGUIN	ALSATIAN	HORSE	SPANIEL
HEIGHT PRICE	HEIGHT PRICE	HEIGHT PRICE	HEIGHT PRICE	HEIGHT PRICE	HEIGHT PRICE	HEIGHT PRICE	HEIGHT PRICE	HEIGHT PRICE	HEIGHT PRICE	HEIGHT PRICE
3 in., £1 4 6	4 in., £2 0 0	3 in., £1 1 0	3¼ in., £2 2 0	2⅜ in. - 18/6	2⅓ in. - 8/6	5 in., £1 1 0	2½ in. - 11/6	3⅜ in., £1 2 6	5⅜ in., £1 15 0	3 in., £1 2 6
	2½ in. - 13/6	2½ in. - 13/6	2½ in., £1 8 6	2 in. - 11/6	1¼ in. - 4/6	8 in., £3 5 0	1¾ in. - 5/6	3 in. - 13/6	4⅜ in., £1 1 0	2¼ in. - 15/-

Orders received by post are fulfilled by return

These delightful Bronzes are ideal for "last-minute" Christmas Gifts—and the larger models are suitable for mounting as motor car mascots.

Call and see our large and varied range of Christmas Presents

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY'S

Distinctive Luggage Department

40 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Eyes sparkle and glassware gleams in candle light. And "Venetian" candles are beautiful all day long as well—beautiful in their slender shape and rich or delicate colouring. A very charming present.

Price's Art Candles

These lovely candles make delightful gifts. Price from 9d. to 4/- per box of two. See the range at your retailers. Price's, London, S.W.11.

x

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH WITH

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE

The Safe and Reliable Family Remedy for

INFLUENZA

COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH.

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION of OVER 75 YEARS.

A true palliative in

NEURALGIA, GOUT, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

Acts like a charm in

DIARRHŒA, STOMACH CHILLS,

and other Bowel Complaints.

Of all Chemists, 1/3, 3/-

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE.

Always ask for and

See that you get Dr. J. Collis Browne's

Nursing time is Benger time

Nursing Mothers who take Benger's regularly during this period go through the strain of nursing without undue fatigue, and the child benefits from the enriched natural milk.

BENGER'S Food

for INFANTS, INVALIDS *and the* AGED.

Benger's Booklet, post free, contains a concise guide to the rearing of Infants.

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., MANCHESTER.

A65

TENNYSON BIRTHDAY BOOK

Selections from the poetical works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

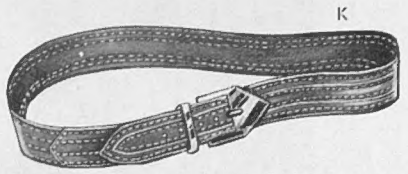
(Size 4¼ ins. by 3 ins.) Cloth, Gilt top, 1/6 net.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (Publishers), LTD., 6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4

GALERIES LAFAYETTE, LTD.

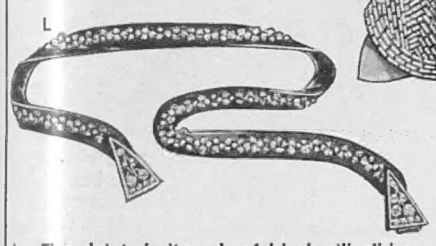
Tel.: Regent 6740. REGENT STREET, W.1

HERE ARE SOME USEFUL XMAS SHOPPING SUGGESTIONS FOR GIFTS THAT WILL BE WELCOMED AND TREASURED BY THE RECIPIENTS.



K. The smart leather belt is one among an extensive selection. Made in black and fashionable colours it is priced only - - - - 4/3

D. For Sports wear we are presenting this new cendrikasha scarf from Rodier - - - 18/6



L. The dainty belt made of black silk ribbon is trimmed with one row of strass and costs only - - - - - 13/11

E. This charming evening cape, entirely hand-beaded, white on black background, is only - - 16/6

Our Xmas Catalogue sent on application.

LA GRANDE MAISON DE BLANC

133. New Bond Street. W1

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

A large Selection of Parisian Novelties at Reasonable Prices

Red Hackle WHISKY

Spats were issued to the "Black Watch" to commemorate their endurance during the retreat to Corunna. Destitute of the necessaries of life and continually harassed by the enemy the exhausted Highlanders marched 250 miles over mountainous roads. Boots were done but shirts were torn into strips to bind their lacerated feet. So originated spats.

"RED HACKLE" Whisky worthily upholds the honour of this great spirit.

Produced to meet the demand for a whisky of pre-war quality and flavour, "RED HACKLE" has all the essentials of a perfect whisky.

Awarded First Prize in competition open to all whiskies at Brewers' Exhibition.

Try "Red Hackle" & judge for yourself.

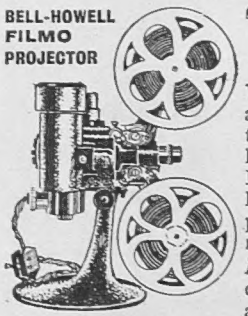
150/- per dozen, carriage paid.

Proprietors: HEPBURN & ROSS, Kelvin House, GLASGOW, W.2.

SEND for a dozen "RED HACKLE" to-day. If, on sampling, you do not feel you are drinking a better whisky, return the balance at our expense, and have your cheque refunded in full.

THE EMBLEM OF SCOTLAND'S FINEST SPIRITS

BELL-HOWELL FILMO PROJECTOR



"MOVIE" PICTURES AT HOME

The Best Christmas Present.

Whether you own a home Cine outfit or not, call at our Cine demonstration rooms. We can show you the latest accessories and refinements. The very latest Bell-Howell projector, also latest models by Kodak, Zeiss Ikon, Pathé, Ensign, etc. New block letter title outfits, coloured projection filters, special projection lenses, new screens, all of which will make your pictures more professional in quality.

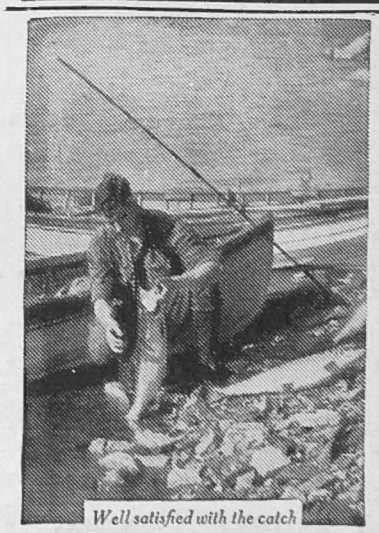
Film Library.—A fascinating variety of subjects can be hired from our new and enlarged film library, at greatly reduced hiring charges.

WALLACE HEATON LTD

119 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

and at **47, BERKELEY STREET, W.1**

'Phone: Mayfair 0824/5/6. *UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE*



Well satisfied with the catch

LIVE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

When you retire live in British Columbia—a land of health-giving sunshine and wonderful scenery.

75% of the popu'ation of British Columbia is British. Low taxation (a married man with 2 dependents with an income of £1,000 pays only £13 tax), moderate living costs, and low succession duties are attractive inducements offered by the Province.

A large variety of pursuits is open to the Sportsman including Golfing, Fishing, Yachting, Motoring, Big Game Hunting, etc.

Further particulars and advice will b sent upon application to Dept. S.P.

The Agent-General for

BRITISH COLUMBIA

British Columbia House, 1/3, Regent Street, London, S.W.1

new

WILKINSON SAFETY RAZOR

with **LONG-LIFE HOLLOW GROUND BLADES . . .**

The smooth velvet shaving of this razor is a revelation. The blades have long life—entailing a big reduction in your blade bill.

Complete Sets, 7/6, 10/6

21/-

(Standard Set)

27/6 35/- 42/-

Packets of Blades 4/6

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Perfect Self-stropping

All Sets contain long-life Hollow Ground Blades, self-stropping razor and strop.

Wilkinson Safety Razor

EMPIRE MODEL

Wilkinson Sword Co., Ltd., 53, Pall Mall, London. Factory: Acton, London

STETSON HATS

THE BEST HATS IN THE WORLD

No hat is better *economy* than a Stetson. For a Stetson not only gives you the kind of fashionable style that can never quite be copied, it gives you unmatched quality of materials and workmanship—quality which assures you that your hat will hold its style, and wear—the sort of quality which makes it *actually expensive* to buy cheaper hats.

Illustrated Stetson booklet containing list of agencies will be forwarded on request.

Offices and Showrooms (Wholesale only): 70 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

HOLTS MOUNTAIN CREAM

SCOTCH WHISKY

A SCOTCH WHISKY OF SUPREME QUALITY. OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

W. H. HOLT & SONS LIMITED,

ABERLOUR-GLENLIVET DISTILLERY,

ABERLOUR — SCOTLAND.

For The Children This Winter

Roboleine

THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

Roboleine is the most valuable body-building food known to medical science. It consists of **Bone Marrow, Cream of Malt, Yolk of Egg,** and neutralized **Lemon Juice.**

It contains all the vitamins deficient in ordinary diet and makes weakly children strong and healthy.

If your child is listless, run-down or off his food, Roboleine will quickly give renewed health, strength and energy.

Makes good blood, firm flesh and sturdy bone

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

GENEROUS 12-DOSE SAMPLE.

To Oppenheimer, Son & Co., Ltd., Handforth Laboratories, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.

Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 6d. in stamps for postage and packing. (Use block letters.)

Name.....

Address.....

..... Sp.4

Recommended by Doctors for over 20 years.

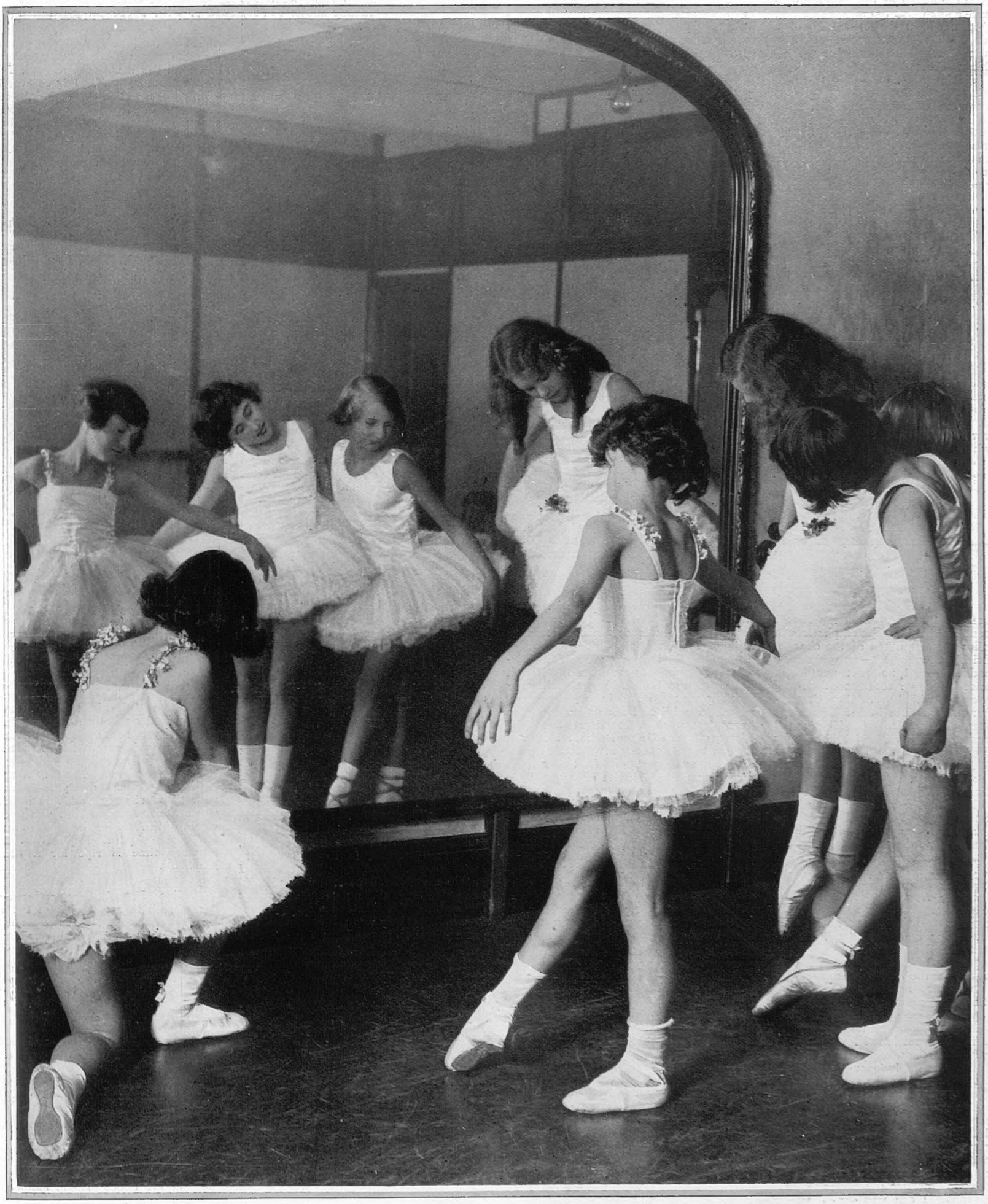
R21-A

THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXIII. No. 1612 | Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } | London, December 13, 1930



CHRISTMAS REHEARSALS

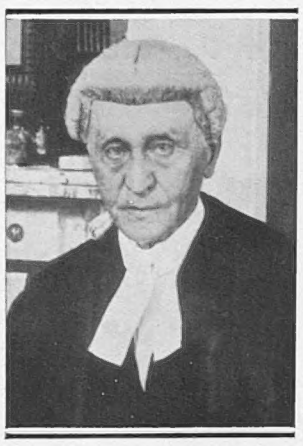
All Over the Country

The "children's season" is not only a time of pleasure but also of pleasurable work. Dancing classes in preparation for the parties of the next few weeks are crowded, and the training schools are packed with little girls who will appear as gnomes, fairies, brownies, or what not in the Christmas pantomimes. One of the most famous of these training establishments is the Cone School, little pupils of which (all of them under twelve years of age) are seen above rehearsing for a ballet. Other children are practising their carol singing with gusto. A picture taken at Archbishop Tenison's school appears on page 529. The singing of the Foundling Hospital children will be missed by Londoners this year. They are busily practising at Redhill, their new home.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 10, 1930.

Teaching the Young Idea.—Mr. Lloyd George addressed the Liberal candidates at the end of last week, and gave a practical demonstration of the eternal truth of certain nursery maxims. He showed that even the giants of the industry cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and that not all the protestations of a wizard can make black (or even grey) a dazzling white. He spoke for quite a long time, belabouring now the Socialists, now the Conservatives; he proved to his own satisfaction that the Liberals alone (not having had a chance to make a failure of Government under present conditions) were worthy to rule. And at the end of it all he left his party on the same old fence in the same old dilemma; to wit, "the present Government is hastening the final ruin of our beloved country. We are in a position to throw them out of power. But if we do so now, we, the Liberal Party, will get none of the pickings. Therefore the patriotic, the judicious thing to do is to sit still on the fence." I believe there is a flaw in the argument somewhere. Perhaps men like Sir John Simon can put their fingers on it. Mr. George can teach his young idea to shoot. Can he teach them to shoot *straight?*



AN AUSTRALIAN FOR AUSTRALIA: Sir Isaac Alfred Isaacs, who, on the recommendation of Mr. Scullin, has been appointed by the King as the Governor-General of the Commonwealth in succession to Lord Stonehaven

The Advice of Mr. Scullin.—A fortnight ago I indicated, in reference to the High Commissionership of South Africa, the significant change in the status of the King's representatives in the Dominions which had taken effect primarily as a result of the Imperial Conference of 1926. And now the appointment of Sir Isaac Isaacs as the King's representative in Australia emphasizes in red italics the magnitude of the change. The British Government—as was clearly foreshadowed—had no part nor lot in this selection and recommendation, and never again will have. Our Government's representatives in the Dominions are entirely distinct from the King's, and correspond with the Dominion's agents and High Commissioners in London. But what choice had the King? It is doubtful if he ever saw Sir Isaac; it is obvious that Sir Isaac could not, *primâ facie*, have been chosen by the King as the ideal instrument of the symbolism of the Crown and as the repository of the King's confidence—for the reasons that the King does not know him, that Sir Isaac is not cut out for social and symbolic service and is seventy-five years old. That he is an Australian is of course no obstacle at all, merely an interesting phenomenon. In short, Mr. Scullin gave the King no choice at all, and incidentally deprived a very important section of the Australian community of the chance of a more popular appointment. Mr. Scullin dictated and the King wisely and courteously accepted. Sir Isaac has a fine record in his profession of law, and will doubtless carry out his duties admirably enough. But let us not blind ourselves to the enormous change in the conception of Crown and Empire since the War. Read the last letters of Queen Victoria and gasp at the transformation! On the other hand, do not assume that never again will an Englishman represent the King in Australia. I can well conceive that within five years the Australian Premier, on pressure of Australian opinion, will submit to the King the choice of three Englishmen for the post.

Poor Mr. Thomas.—I feel a heartfelt sympathy for Mr. Thomas; I have ever admired his cheery optimism, his pluck, his Britishness. And full of high hope (and bright promises) he started in to make things hum when Labour's second bout of "ruling" came. And he has had all the hard knocks. The column of figures, ever rising, which represented unemployment, toppled over on his genial head; bloody but unbowed, he laboured at the Imperial Conference, and it seems only yesterday that I listened to his assurance that the Conference broke up amid expressions of love and friendship and ever green camaraderie from a score of good companions pledged to life-long devotion and understanding. And here was Mr. Bennett, trouncing his life-long friend as a man will trounce a complete stranger who drives into him on a suburban golf course. I suppose the last lesson which the politician learns is never to tamper with the elaborate garments in which the naked truth, as he sees it, should ever be dressed. I expect it takes several generations of public office to inculcate that golden rule. I have hopes of Mr. Thomas's great grandson, but I shall ever prefer Mr. Thomas.

Our Debt to Broadcasting.—Our debt to the invention which has made possible the broadcasting of news, talk, drama, and music is immeasurable. Take last week as a sample. It gave us the quite unforgettable experience of hearing, divinely rendered, at our own firesides the "Fifth Symphony," the "Emperor" Concerto, and "Leonora No. 3"; it gave us an apt and simple exposition of the causes and meaning of the coal crisis; an admirable disquisition on political economy and present problems of finance. All these are benefits which ten years ago we must plan and devise and queue up and pay high to obtain at the cost of much fatigue. The invention has indeed brought at long last the light of education, knowledge, and culture to every hearth. But it has brought evils also. We are still only partially educated and in the dangerous stage. A million listeners might have heard last week a broadcast from the Moscow Trades Union Radio, a clear and deliberate incitement to revolt based on lies as hideous as fantastic. Of that million there was probably quite an appreciable proportion ready to believe and to pass on the "fact" that Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill, two bloody-minded capitalists, have carefully worked out an elaborate plan for the military invasion of Soviet Russia. This is an "interruption" which civilized broadcasting cannot suffer to continue. As sure as fate Russia will once more play its part in tripping up the British Government which is too enslaved to its extremists to treat as they deserve those utterly unscrupulous Sadists.

Sir W. Beveridge's Logic.—The gift of radiating conviction in argument is rare and god-sent, but god-sent only after endless patient practice. That gift belongs to Sir William Beveridge, economist and director of the L.S.E. Sir William last week answered Lord Beaverbrook on the subject of trade within the Empire. I have heard many addresses on political and economic subjects in my life, but I can honestly declare that for clarity, terseness, and conviction I never listened to the equal of Sir William. He was so gentle and so deadly, so polite and so annihilating. For a brief hour I felt I knew at last the truth and the whole truth about Empire Free Trade. It all seemed too incredibly simple, the flaws and fallacies in any view differing from Sir William's appeared too glowing to be missed. But next morning, as I shaved, I came to the conclusion that if Sir William had set out to support, instead of to confute, Lord Beaverbrook, he would have triumphantly vindicated him and carried me along with him just as blindly convinced on the other side. The only other man I have ever heard who showed in argument and explication these outstanding powers is Hilaire Belloc. Still, as in the days of ancient Athens, it is a gift of priceless value.

Dean of Winchester.—If I were in the Church I should choose as the goal of my dreams the Deanery of Winchester. A dean's lot is far, far happier than a bishop's; the lot of a dean in a grand old Cathedral city set in glorious country is capable of being ideal. Winchester is an enchanting setting for those who value good company and lovely country. You have the New Forest for your playground, the Beaulieu river and the Solent for your delight. You have the Cathedral circle, a hundred agreeable country neighbours, and the added advantages to be derived from a great public school. When Lord Chelmsford is in Residence at the College, Winchester is kept in touch with the great world of affairs. I envy Dr. Selwyn's luck. He is a "mere boy," that is, younger than I. He was positively a child when he became Headmaster of Radley just before the War. And he did the wisest thing a headmaster can do. He left Radley after five years when he had done his best work as a reformer, and before the moss had gathered on him. What an object lesson for headmasters, butlers, party-leaders, and so forth!

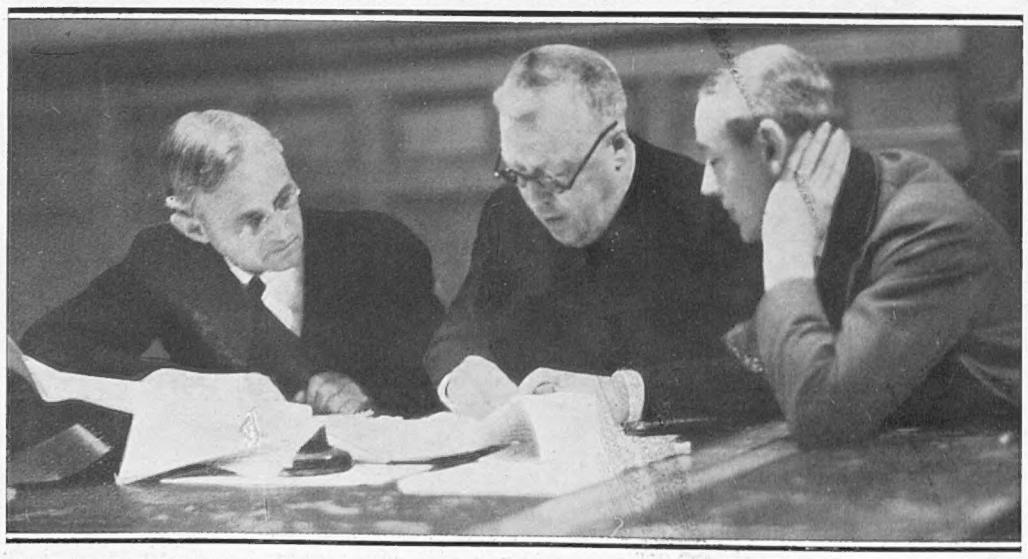
Perjury.—When thieves fall out honest men come by their own. When judges fall out, rogues are white-washed. Mr. Justice Eve at any rate has taken his brother, McCardie, seriously to task for suggesting that perjury in the courts is rampant. Mr. Justice Eve has fifty years experience behind him. I am a child in these matters, but I have spent a large number of hours in the courts—criminal, civil, and divorce, in London and in assize towns. And never yet have I known a convicted person, who pleaded not guilty, who did not perjure himself; never yet have I attended a divorce case in which perjury was not committed by some witness; never have I attended a defended murder trial in which no witness for the defence told on oath a deliberate falsehood. Perhaps I have been unlucky. Mr. Justice Eve admits indeed that his reference is principally to civil actions, but I believe that twenty years on the bench have had a very rare effect on Mr. Justice Eve. They have built him a pair of rose-coloured spectacles. How differently they used Lord Darling. He can turn out sentiment in verse on every subject and for every occasion, save one. There is no pink in the spectacles through which he views the criminal classes and the witness-box.

It Still Goes on.—I like to keep abreast of current endeavour in the realms of art and science. And so I go to the cinema (though I dislike the atmosphere) and read the new books (though I don't like the atmosphere). I have ever been deeply interested in the technique of the film. Take *Anybody's Woman*. It shows an astonishing advance in the "talkie" beyond any film I had seen. Photography excellent, lighting admirable. What pains, what brains, what money, have been squandered on it to make it technically perfect. And what does it project? A clumsy, vulgar, sordid, unreal collection of scenes in "high life" in the professional class of America, to which we have become habitualized. The inevitable inhuman and expensively furnished flat, the "office" down town, the stage butler, the crude misunderstandings impossible in real life, the raucous lust, the still more raucous self-sacrifice, the drunk Englishman, the Bowery accent, the stock-in-trade stolen from Wilde and Americanized to give life to a very dead donkey. Well, if the British public will stand it, why not? I feel that is the view of Mr. Graves, whose *But It Still Goes On* I have read. If the public are pigs and sheep, why not cast the potato peelings of a fevered mind before them and rake in some shekels on the strength of an earlier *succès de scandale*. It is not our authors and producers who are to blame. It is the British public who will swallow anything.

Britain and S. America.—The Prince has made a number of important embassies all over the world and I venture to think that his coming visit to S. America may well be one of the most signal. He possesses perhaps the widest experience in this field of any living diplomat; he has a particularly shrewd instinct in all matters connected with trade and industry; he is a good mixer; and finally his presence in a new setting has a curiously electric effect, partly personal, partly symbolic. He is capable of actually producing a trade revival in S. America "on his own." It would then depend on British traders if the ball set going was kept on the run. The fact is, that a trade revival in S. America is vitally needed at this juncture over here. It is a year since Lord D'Abernon's commission returned from S. America with its pessimist report and acrid, but true criticism. Since that was said, the whole of S. America has passed through the furnace of political upheavals. Therefore the time is ripe for a *deus ex machinâ*.

Police Patrol Preparations.—One dark month intervenes before the speed limit is abolished. It does not give much time for the police patrol units, which are still in embryo, to get to grips with the problems which will face them. It takes about a year of constant use of a great trunk road to get to know the danger spots where the road crimes are hourly committed. I myself have now for fifteen months been a regular user of the Portsmouth Road. I know every bump on its surface for forty-one miles; I know precisely the points where, if I were prætor, I should station my lictors; I know to an inch the seven or eight bends and sections where the car-fiends commit their hideous crimes. A police patrol stationed for one hour at any one of these points on a Saturday afternoon could reap a harvest to fill the Kingston granaries to overflowing. I wonder if I shall meet one such patrol on the road this side of Christmas?

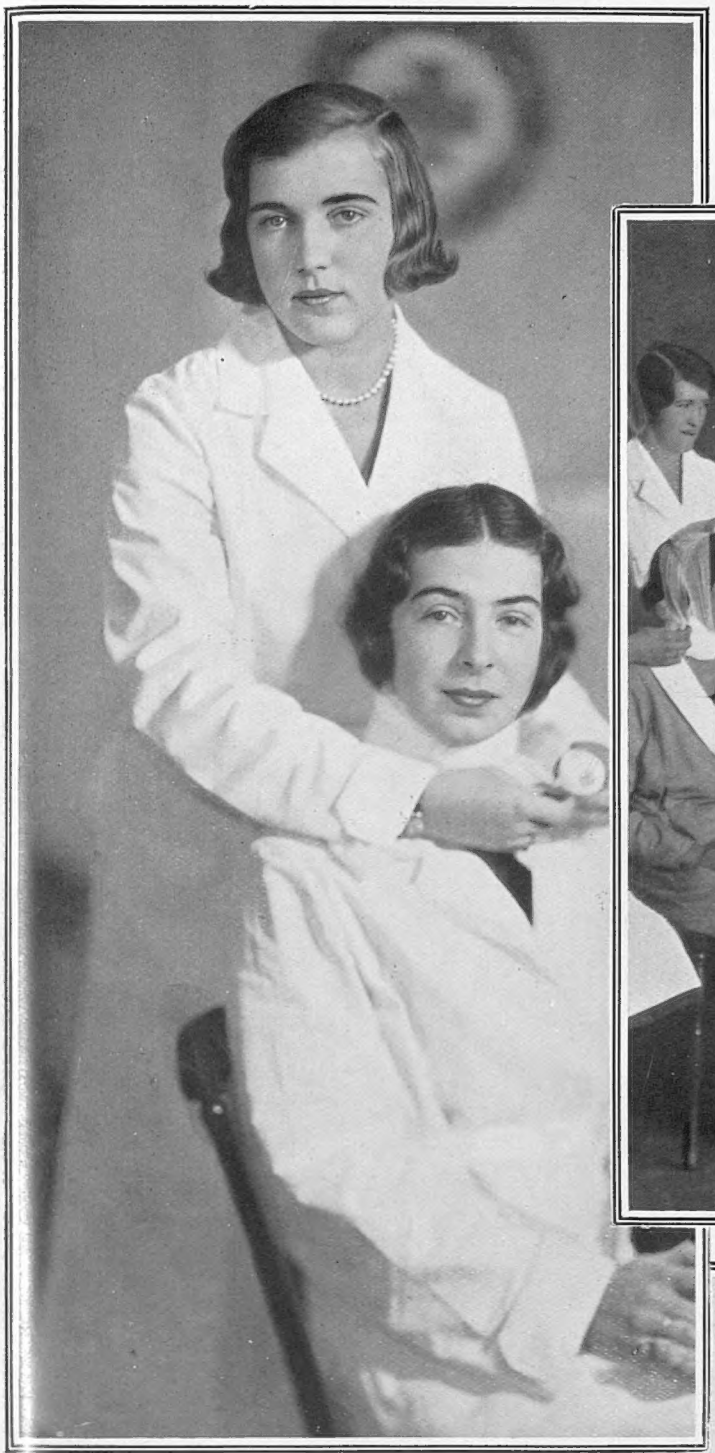
THE OLD STAGER.



PREPARING EVIDENCE: Dr. Eckener (centre) with Professor Bairstow (left) and an interpreter in a private room at the Institute of Civil Engineers, prepares the evidence, which he presented at the resumed inquiry into the causes of the *R 101* disaster, held under the Chairmanship of Sir John Simon

HIGH LIGHTS *in* HIGH LIFE

Notable Social Functions of the Week



THE ROYAL SISTER: Princess Ingrid of Sweden has, in common with other aristocratic ladies of her land, gone in seriously for nursing. She is seen above practising bandaging. On right H.R.H. is seen (in the centre) in class

THE ANGEL OF THE ANNUNCIATION: The Archangel Gabriel and some of "his" attendant cherubim in "The Joyous Pageant of the Holy Nativity," the Miracle play of Yuletide produced recently with a surprising success with an anonymous cast which consisted mainly of children at the Chelsea Palace Theatre

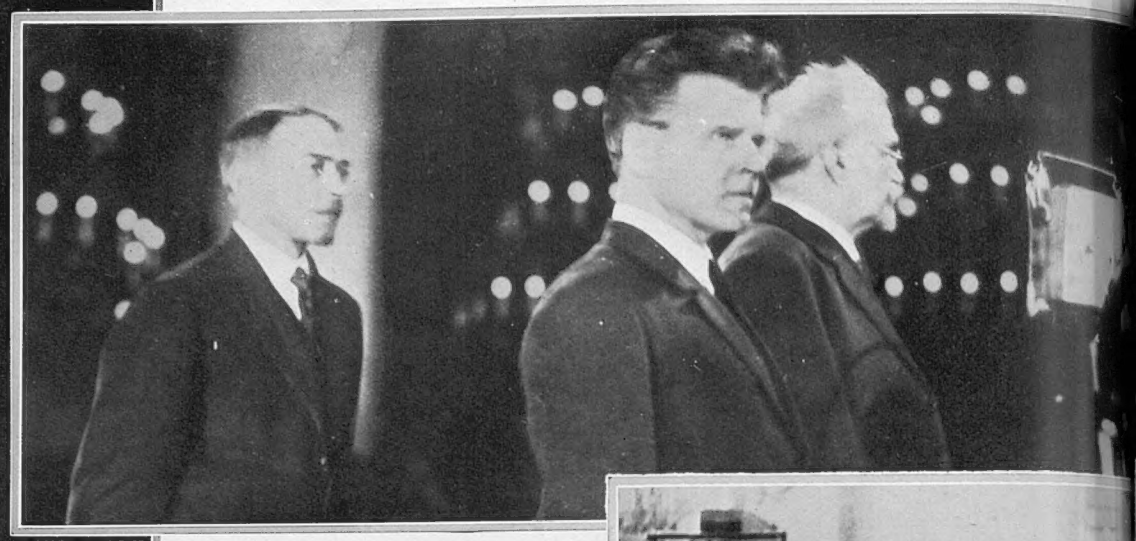
"CRYSTAL GAZER": Mrs. Carl Bendix in the costume she was wearing at the Eclipse Ball held at the Park Lane Hotel and organized annually by Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger in aid of St. John's Hospital, Lewisham. The feature of the ball this year was the "Pageant of 1,001 Lights," which gives scope for magnificence

A WEDDING WITNESSED BY M. TARDIEU: Mr. James H. Hyde, Grand Officier of the Legion of Honour, and Countess Matuschka after their marriage at Versailles Town Hall at which the American Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Norman Armour, was also a witness

RUSSIA'S MOST SPEC

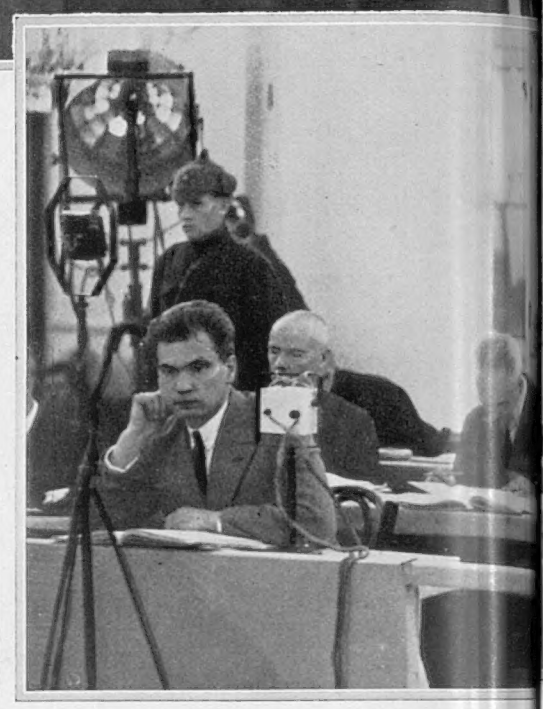
The Dramatis Personæ in the Elaborate Arraignment of the Eig
Russians Abroad and Capitalist Governments

EVIDENCE GIVEN BEFORE THE CAMERA AND THE MICROPHONE: M. Ossadtchy in the box during the sensational trial of eight professors and engineers for attempting to wreck the Five-Year Plan



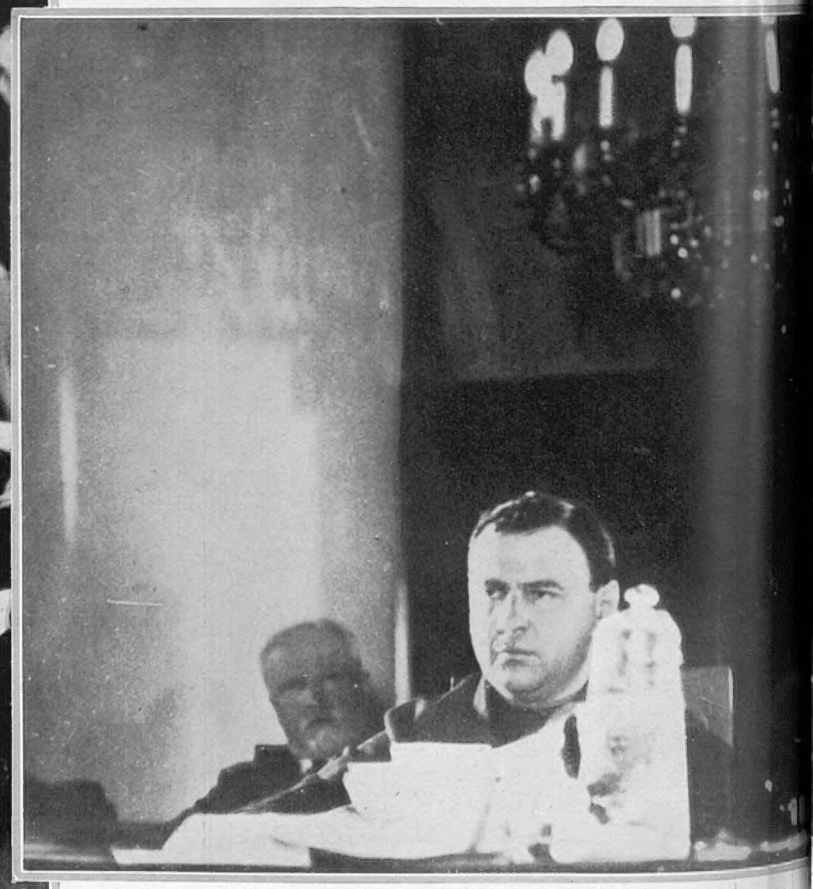
ON TRIAL: The defendants Laricheff, Ramzin, and Feodotoff speaking before the microphone

CONFESSING: M. Laricheff



THE DEFENDANTS MM. Ramzin, Charnovsky, K... have been commuted to penal servitude in Sibe...

THE FOURTH ESTATE: The journalists who reported the most spectacular trial yet held by that organization of scientific terrorists, the Ogpu. Not only were the proceedings broadcast but a talking film was made of them for Five-Year Plan propaganda purposes

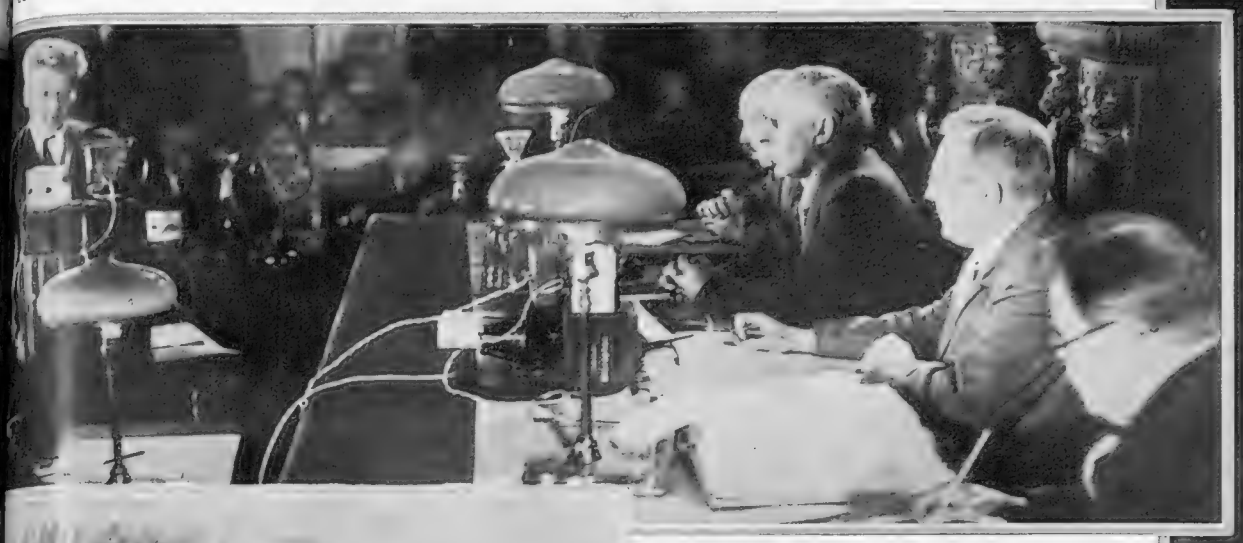


THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR: Krilenko who co...

The tragedy of the Moscow trial presents an interesting psychological study. The crudities of the accusers are simple enough. From the Bolshevist point of view the trial was more a political demonstration—the most elaborate that even Moscow has staged—than an act of justice. Its sole object was to distract the attention of the masses from the failure of the Five-Year Plan and from the internal dissensions which lately have troubled the smooth working of the Bolshevist machine. The whole machinery of Bolshevist propaganda was set in motion in order to convey to the masses the impression that all their miseries were due to the machinations of foreign spies who, by financing the sabotage of the Five-Year Plan, were preparing the way for armed intervention by France and England. The whole force of the Bolshevist offensive

ACULAR TREASON TRIAL

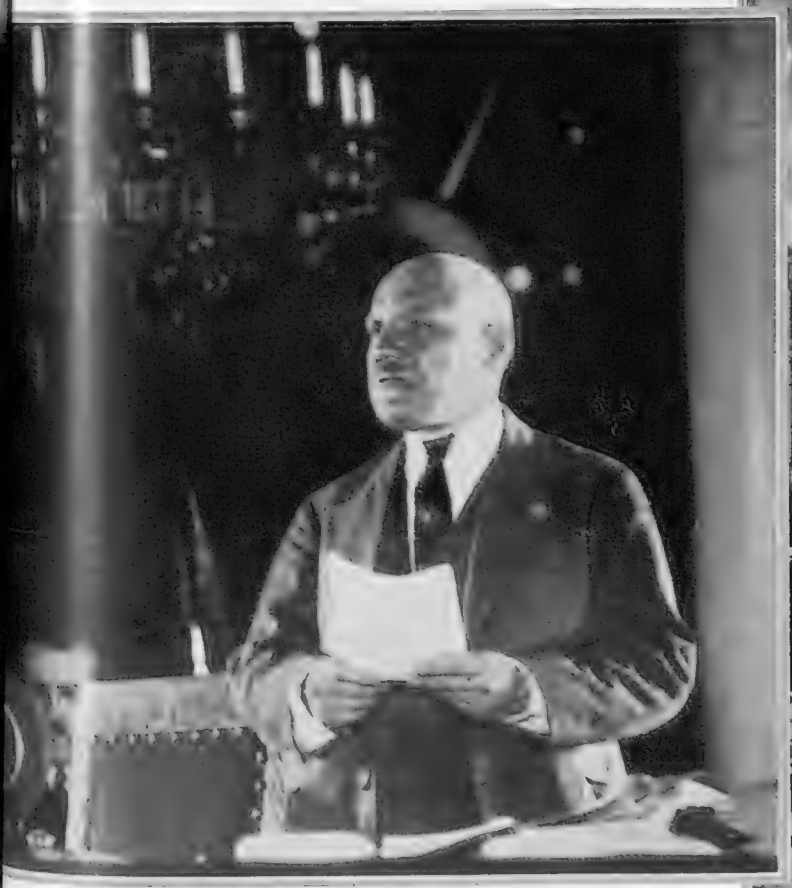
rgeois Professors and Engineers whose Trial for Plotting with the White eck the Five-Year Plan was Recorded by Film and Microphone



THE BENCH: *Professor Ramzin answers his accusers. Microphones are provided both for prosecution and defence*

A CHIEF WITNESS: *M. Kirpotenko speaking to the world—for all the proceedings were broadcast*

ouchieff, codotoff, Sitkin, Otschkin, and Kuprianoff whose death penalties ranging om eight to ten years. On right is the defendant Sitkin



function of Fouquier-Tinville in the Russian Courts

is directed against France and, to a minor extent, England. Glaring headlines announce the imminence of war. The army must be increased. Sacrifices must be made for more guns, more ships, more aeroplanes. Five reasons were given by the Central Executive Committee for the decision to commute the sentences:—"The accused completely and sincerely confessed." They revealed to the Ogpu (Soviet Political Police) the entire conspiracy organization. They then "disarmed themselves ideologically and materially by swearing allegiance to the Soviets." They were merely "agents and underlings of the war-plotting circles of France, with whom the White Russians are connected." "The Soviets do not revenge themselves against those enemies who have disarmed themselves."

THE AUDIENCE: *The Supreme Court in Moscow was packed not only with officials, lawyers, judges, and defendants, but also with spectators who numbered over 1,000. The scenes at the verdicts beggared description*

THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR SPEAKS: A scene at the India Conference. On the right the Maharajah of Alwar is clearly recognizable

THE INDIA CONFERENCE

A Personal Impression of One who has attended Every Sitting of the Momentous Council Sitting at the Round Table in St. James's Palace

By F. SOUTHCOTT

"Oh, East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet."

Kipling's line appears to become vulnerable as the post-war years go by and the East grows conscious of its strength.

Custodians of the honour and traditions of the British Raj, Occidental statesmen listen to the cry of the gifted sons of the Orient: "Give us more responsibility in the ordering of our own house." The cry is unanimous; the voices of the princes join—to the surprise of the British—those of the representatives of the depressed classes, the "untouchables." Translated into constitutional terms, the demand of India is for a Federal Government.

The delegates assemble in Queen Anne's drawing-room in the Tudor Palace. With their advisers and the secretariat they number about a hundred, and there is just room enough. On a late afternoon in December the magnificent candelabra throw a brilliant light on the gold furniture. The place is warm and cosy, for the Indians feel the cold and dread our English fogs. A fine Georgian fireplace contains a blazing coal-fed hearth, but to make sure that all are comfortable, electric stoves are dotted round the room. The sweeping mahogany Conference table is in fact oval and not round.

Daily in the Conference there are picturesque and fascinating touches of the Orient which stir the imagination of all Western observers. Turbans of varying hues, flowing robes of Moslems, and the flash of the princely jewels all catch the eye.

Yet the speeches of the Indians themselves bring the spectator smartly to the realization that they are negotiating in the modern spirit of the West. Except in a few cases the visiting delegates speak without a trace of accent. So many of them are Oxford men. Indeed, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Conference president, at one sitting apologized for his Scottish pronunciation.

There is a greater respect for the authority of the chair at this Conference than at many purely Western meetings. Often a glimpse of old-world chivalry is to be had at the Conference. The Indians bow respectfully to the chair upon entering and leaving. There are no considerations of caste in the Conference room. At the Round Table itself, at any rate, "equality of status" has been achieved.

Speakers worthy of the palmiest days of Victorian Parliamentary debate were heard. It was curious to note the fondness of a number of Indian delegates for the political philosophy of Burke. Begum Shah Nawaz, a young Moslem woman who has forsaken purdah, and Mrs. Subbarayan, the only other woman delegate, have gained distinction for their presentation of the aspirations of the women of India. The latter has a delightful voice and a nimble brain. In the dimple of her left nostril is always to be seen a solitary diamond. She is the wife of a former Chief Minister of Madras and was educated at Oxford.

Numerous are the striking personalities to be described at the Conference.

"Ranji," or the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, watches the debates with as much concentration as he summoned when facing the hottest bowling in his cricketing days. Most of the Princes wear morning dress but retain the headgear of the East. Resplendent is the Maharajah of Alwar. He never doffs his curiously shaped, close-fitting hat which is designed upon the model of an ancient Hindu crown. In the centre of it is a magnificent circlet of diamonds. His long, silken iridescent coats vary in colour from day to day, but there is always the same shaped hat of an accommodating hue—and the diamonds. The bearded Maharajah of Patiala looks every inch a ruler, and his turban is of the most delicate blue. His large pearl ear-rings are edged with tiny diamonds. Yet his morning coat and trousers speak of Savile Row and his white spats are immaculately Western.

The Aga Khan, entirely Western in appearance, heads the British-Indian delegation, and is one of the hardest-worked members of the Conference. Moslems look to him as their leader. He is concentrating on the difficult and, at times, seemingly hopeless task of getting agreement on the problem of communal differences. A settlement on that head is at the moment not in sight. It forms a background to the Conference proper and one that is full of dramatic possibilities; literally, indeed, a background for the communal problem has yet to be discussed by a formal sub-Committee of the Conference which will consider the rights of minorities.

The doyen of the Ministers at the Conference is Sir Prabhashankar Pattani. He is a patriarchal figure with a flowing white beard.

THE HOST AT A HUGE BIRTHDAY PARTY: The Maharajahdhiraja of Darbhanga, whose twenty-third birthday party, held at the Savoy Hotel, was attended by a number of the leading delegates and many Society people. The host, who is the largest landowner in Bihar and Orissa, had special golden garlands sent over for his guests from India

Another towering figure, physically, is the Maulana Muhammad Ali, a graduate of Lincoln College, Oxford, and one of the two famous Moslem brothers Ali. He wears a long robe of white with bars of Vandyke brown, and infirm in health, he leans heavily on a stick which is topped by an opalescent blue stone. Usually he is accompanied by his handsome, bigger, and younger brother, whom he has playfully referred to in Conference as "the other Ali —7 ft. by 5 ft." The Maulana Sahib made an amazing speech at the Conference opening. "I want to go back with the substance of freedom in my hand," he said. "I will not go back to the slave country. I would prefer to die in a foreign country so long as it is a free country."

The Maulana Sahib was responsible for the description of Lord Irwin as "that tall, thin Christian who has saved the British Empire."

All the delegates hasten to applaud the work of Lord Irwin, and in the last two weeks they have learnt to respect, too, the ability of Lord Sankey, the Lord Chancellor. Europeans and Indians declare that the Chancellor's pithy disquisitions on constitutional matters have been masterly and extraordinarily helpful.

Captain Raja Sher Muhammad Khan, one of the group of India's fine fighting men at the Conference, twitted his countrymen at one session. "Why," he asked, "when you are dealing with a problem do you regard politicians and barristers as being best suited for the task, quite forgetting that one subject—defence—is as important as any before us?"

A soldier was given a place on the committee under discussion.

There are indeed many barristers among the delegates, men of much subtlety and cogency in argument. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru is declared to have a mind "like a diamond," and the redoubtable Messrs. Jinnah and Jayakar leave no doubt in the minds of Home statesmen as to the vigour of the growing nationalism of India.

There is, too, Mr. Sastri, once a headmaster and now an experienced servant of his country in administrative fields, a Privy Councillor and a Freeman of London. He is the man of the kindly smile and the soft voice.

One of the most moving efforts of Conference was the appeal of Dr. Ambedkar on behalf of that pathetic community, the "untouchables." Even the untouchables, or depressed classes, he declared, wanted a government of the people by the people, cheerfully as they acknowledged all that had been done for them in the past by the British. Dr. Ambedkar, who received part of his training at Cambridge, was given a scholarship by the Maharajah of Baroda to study economics and sociology at Columbia.

At present, without a doubt, the most cheerful of all the delegates are the Burmese. They rejoice at the first practical decision of the Conference—the acceptance of the principle that Burma should be separated from India. Long have they toiled for that.

CRISIS *and* CALAMITY

The Ministerial Swop-over in France: The Mystery of the Frozen or Poisonous Fog in the Valley of the Meuse

THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER: M. F. Bouisson is caught by a group of journalists seeking interviews as he goes to the Elysée during the Ministerial crisis in which the Tardieu Government fell and M. Barthou came on the field, on his failure to form a Cabinet M. Pierre Laval set out on the task

THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE: M. Doumer expresses nescience in a gesture typically Gallic when, on his exit from a conference at the Elysée, he is surrounded by eager newspaper men

THE PALL OF DEATH: An impression of the industrial town of Engis, near Liège, which was the district most heavily stricken when the "poison fog" killed upwards of eighty people in the valley of the Meuse. The actual cause of the disaster has not yet been determined, but it is highly probable that the heavy bank of almost frozen mist lay over the country side and the tall chimneys of the zinc factories were not sufficiently lofty to pierce the veil and, in consequence, vomited the fumes into an atmosphere which precluded the possibility of their dispersal. It is possible on the other hand that the fog itself was responsible for the havoc wrought, a theory to which the fact that only asthmatic folk and people with lung or constitutional weakness perished lends colour. The factories which were believed to be lying idle were, it is now established, working at half-pressure. As we go to press the Mining Ministry is awaiting the results of the post mortem examinations before issuing its report. Inset above on left is Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians speaking words of consolation to one of the mourners during her tour of the stricken area

A LAST LOOK ROUND

Late News of the Week in Pictures

A TARTAN KILT FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH: *The Duchess of York, prettier than ever, was presented with a kilt in the Stuart Tartan for her elder daughter when she and the Duke visited the Army Clothing Depot in Grosvenor Road*

TOC H AT THE ALBERT HALL: *A scene during the fifteenth anniversary of the foundation of the great institution of Talbot House whose ideas of classless comradeship, engendered in war, have not failed both to blossom and to fruit in peace. Thousands of young men thronged the great hall*

MASTER AND PUPIL: *M. Maurice Chevalier gives a light to Mr. R. Kennedy, his host for the week who, when a sergeant in the Durham Light Infantry, was captured and interned in Germany, a fellow prisoner of the great comedian, and taught him English*

DOING HIS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY! *The Earl of Sunderland, one of the youngest peers in the United Kingdom, carries a box of trains home*

AN ARCHEPISCOPAL GUEST: *The Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool signs the guest book at the dinner given by Sir Martin Melvin at Stationers' Hall to celebrate the 70th anniversary of the foundation of "the Universe," the Catholic journal, at which a Cardinal and many bishops were present*

UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEWS REVOLT

The Recent Succession of Rebellions in the Latin America's is Symptomatic, not only of the Resentment of the Populace at the Financial Penetration of the U.S.A., but also of the Disgust felt by the Ancient Civilizations against the "Capone Culture" of the New

By FERDINAND TUOHY

U.S. Americans have taken one or two—for them—fairly sharp raps latterly. The raps are, naturally, being dramatized and exaggerated—a kick is being extracted from them, distress and depression constituting the last unsampled emotion—nevertheless distinct raps have been received. After a delirious decade during which the American Animal, snatching fullest rein, satisfied every prompting at whim and will, the luck has turned and the insensate round has started noticeably to slacken.

No "morning after" in a nation's life can ever have been more eloquent than actuality across the ocean. Children they have been—gulping freely, vicious children—and now they behold a children's mess about them, than which there can be none bigger. To record this is not to quicken pleasantly at the circumstance; rather may Americans expect the reverse of that sort of thing, from one quarter at any rate, as their troubles materialize. None the less there are times when the new phenomenon can scarcely be evaded.

During my American education—when, for a year, my job was to portray some angle of the daily New-World scene as viewed through Old-World spectacles (not a bad notion but the deuce when it brought one up, professionally, with Irish cops who squirmed at one's accent and called one a "gol-durned limey" until one informed them that one was a durned sight more Irish than they were), during this imperative education I happened one day upon the Pan-American Union in session in that striking evocative building in Washington where, a few months later, Mr. Balfour was to achieve the oratorical impromptu of his life.

I recollect being suitably impressed. There below, amid palms and pampas and gaucho janitors, were assembled in amicable round-tablery the delegates of perhaps a dozen sovereign lands reaching from Alaska to Magellan. Alone of the Western Hemisphere, Canada and Mexico seemed to be out of it. My cicerone may have "guessed" what was passing in my mind.

"Yeh. Have 'em all here one day—*and permanently.*"

And, at my glance of surprise, "What's to stop us, anyway? You guys? You can't do a thing. Monroe Doctrine stops you butting in. Durned lucky, I guess, to be left in Honduras and the Caribbean!"

"But Canada? And Newfoundland?"

"Watch 'em!"

It was the time Americans were most strident. One could say very little to Americans in 1921. They had suddenly felt the world at their feet and were intent on dribbling it with Yale Bowl intensity, kicking Europe aside in the process.

I did see in the mists that day their ultimate empire from the Hudson to the Horn, from Arctic to Antarctic. One Hemisphere, One Boss.

Later, at lunch, I enunciated this.

"You're right, dead right. That's what it'll come to. But no fighting—cut that right out! Just a shake-up like Hayti and Nicnagua but that's necessary to consolidate the Canal zone. After that we're likely to have no more trouble in Central—or South—except Mexico. You guys got it all wrong in France. We'll let 'em keep their flags and tunes and boundaries—why not? *So long as we take care of the cats. Get me?*"

I did not get him, and said so,

"Why, what's the use of winning battles if you crack the other guy's economic system to bits? Why not just take care of his eats? Penetrate his economic system until he's yours. Federation follows automatically on markets and trade and concessions. Some day."

Well, nearly ten years have passed since that lunch, and it is a somewhat different spectacle that confronts one to-day to that of Uncle Sam having conquered South America by his new, non-sanguinary type of warfare. Heaven knows he has pressed hard, heaven knows his dollars are still deep in the soil there, but essentially the screen shows a fade-out of the Big Dream; for how long it remains is for the future to tell. Admitted that the observations above exhale a distinct Jingo-Hearstian flavour and that all Americans did not think that way, yet the Washington of Harding and Coolidge was consecrated to the ruling idea of progressively assimilating the Latin Republics to the south, commencing with the Canal zone. Our friends reversed the saying. "Trade follows the flag," and on all sides "started in" to stake out claims as good as in perpetuity; in little over a decade their investments in South America multiplied tenfold, from some £40,000,000 to near £500,000,000—the figure, I believe, round which it stands to-day. It was the first manifestation of the new economic war-waging of the Machine Age, but the Dollar Conquistadors perhaps overlooked or under-estimated one aspect, namely, that here was no human hotch-potch easy of manipulation, no melting-pot such as these had been accustomed to draw upon for myriad welding. No doubt the very ease with which Americans had handled Europe's overflow for decades, ever fashioning it to meet the Robot call led them into a disregard of such imponderables. They worked like Trojans, opening up and developing the rich Latin republics. Wall Street lavished money. They "Simon-Bolivared" at banquets. They got Pan-America going at Havana. The immense post-War prestige of the United States as the people of the future, the people of prosperity, *the people who had solved things*, was not without its impressive side for Chilians, Argentines, Brazilians, and the rest. And Lindbergh flew south to win all hearts, followed by a President-Elect on a goodwill tour which was really that of a super-commercial traveller. Yet at no time were the cordial and interested sentiments of the North reciprocated. As long as the going remained good, the intruder was tolerated for the good times he had brought in his train—nothing more. In truth, one may search the map for two greater temperamental opposites than the "*Yanqui*" and the Latin American, the one hard, cold, and driving; the other, still so sensuous, redolent of Old Castille. . . .

That Washington's policy of absorption reposed on a flagrant misinterpretation of the Monroe Doctrine nobody felt strong enough to challenge. This time-worn, musty *fiat* of other days had been aimed exclusively at barring the way to further inroads on the American continent by a covetous Europe. Washington, however, gradually turned it into a shield behind which Uncle Sam assumed not only a proprietorial air but the the status of protector of Latin America. The fact that immense European wealth—much more than his own—was invested there didn't arise. There was, however, one big fissure in the assimilation scheme—Geneva. At one time all the South American Republics were affiliated there, and all still are, save Argentine. Resolutely holding aloof from "Old World entanglements" itself, Washington's set purpose was to wean eventually its southern satellites from the League, and to shepherd them into a Western Hemisphere League which, completely dominated by Big Business, must sooner or later merge into some form of New World Federation, with or without the British possessions. The famous Havana Congress of Pan-America was to be the first of many similar conventions directed towards snapping the Geneva link, but such was the language some of the South American delegates on the occasion of its one and only meeting that it is not likely to be re-convened for quite a while. Indeed, with the recent turn of events, there is even talk of some leading State like the Argentine showing the way by clearing right out of "Pan-America" and all its works.

What precisely has been this turn of events? In view of the tremendous drive Americans have been making all the past decade south of the Canal, what has transpired would certainly not have passed so relatively unnoticed but for our being so taken up by our own travail. For what has happened may be put in these straight words: Latin America has slammed the door on *el imperialismo yanqui*, and with emphasis gone European. Such is the true inwardness of all the recent revolutionizing in Peru and Ecuador and Chili and the Argentine and Bolivia and Brazil.

One may trace things to the Wall Street collapse of fifteen months ago. That collapse is probably destined to fill a large page in U.S. history, for it was far more than a colossal Stock Market affair. It was the whole living-philosophy of a nation that went *phut*—the raging, tearing anticipation of the morrow in all things, the living and building and developing "on air," on fabulous wealth that, in actual fact, was non-existent. Once the almighty dollar had taken a knock, the repercussion on U.S. prestige was nowhere more apparent than in South America. As soon as world depression, fostered more by the Wall Street bubble than by any other single factor, hit Brazil and the Argentine and the rest, they woke up angrily to the money hold the *Yanquis* had obtained over them and the hard terms these had driven. The revolutions that have taken place—they are really more in the nature of general elections conducted by the armed forces—did not spring from any far-flung, organic ill; Presidents and others on top were not such thieves and inept fools. But they *were* the ones who had made over their countries in greater or lesser degree to the *Yanquis*. That was why they had to go. In South America the *raison d'être* of an army or navy seems to consist in its periodical use for putting through the will of the majority at some sharp turn in events, and if possible bloodlessly. This peaceful-persuasion-out-of-office-of-the-old-régime has been in recent months satisfactorily achieved in all save Brazil's case, where there was fighting because of the special situation of the dominant State of Sao Paulo.

A letter I have received from Rio states:

> "South America likes dictators when they are competent, but they wanted a change from Irigoyen, Leguia, Ibanez and company because it was felt they had so to speak pawned the national possessions to the United States. In several supposedly sovereign States—Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, Chili—ever since just after the War the national budgets have been drawn up by Professor Kemmerer of Princeton University, on whose advice vast loans would be made by U.S. financial groups, usually on national assets or in return for concessions whose exploitation was hedged in by harsh terms. Now that hard times have come all the republics have been confronted by the onerous American terms and they have gone on strike against U.S. fiscal interference which is regarded as foreign domination. Latin Americans look upon what is termed "Monroeism" as the greatest hypocrisy, a cloak under which Washington can develop its policy of overlordship and an excuse for armed intervention such as has already taken place in Haiti, Nicaragua, and the Dominican Republic. Latin Americans want more of old Europe and less, much less, of the "wonderful new world" north of them. With this new world they have culturally less than nothing in common. The values that South Americans stick to most, the United States had least use for, and vice versa. South America desires to approach ever closer to the Continent from which ninety per cent. of it sprang, and in this differs totally from the effect emigration to the United States has had, and where Europe's children of yesterday are the 100 per cent. Americans of to-morrow. Perhaps climate has a lot to do with it."

Climate, yes; but other things besides . . .

Bluntly, in the years ahead we are to see if U.S. civilization has or has not broken down.

(*Continued on page* 540)

IN THE WAKE OF REVOLUTION: A scene in the streets of Sao Paulo, Brazil, after a sharp riot precipitated ultimately by the failure of U.S. prosperity and the flaring up of the resentment-swallowed in the interests of high wages during the boom—which still smouldered in Latin America's heart at Uncle Sam's high-handed attitude, fiscal penetration, and antipathetic culture

LIVING *in* MILLIONS: I. THE DOLE

Drawn by ERIC FRASER

THE FAMILY TABLE: Father sitting at the left hand end of the table is unemployed. He has only succeeded in getting three months' work during the past two years. He draws 17s. per week, and also draws 2s. each for two young children who are in bed and therefore not in the picture. Of the three elder children, the daughter is a jam factory girl, now unemployed, and is drawing 9s. per week. On the same side of the table is her elder brother, who is fully employed as a plasterer at £4 per week. A younger brother is employed at an office. He is 16 years old and earns 25s. per week. Mother has always worked at a laundry but is at the moment unemployed. She draws her own relief at the rate of 15s. per week. The total earnings of the family assembled at this table is thus—Relief income—**£2 5s.** Earned income—**£5 5s.** The various members of the family would contribute sums towards the general family budget. Mother would probably throw all hers in, thus bringing her spending capacity for the week anything up to, say, £3 10s. The daughter is thinking of marrying a young man at Newcastle who has just begun to receive relief

In this amazing age when the virus of squandermania is spreading through the arteries of the country like the germs of a galloping consumption, THE SPHERE has deputed a series of Special Commissioners to place before its readers statements of various instances of the light-hearted and perilous insouciance with which superlative sums are disbursed on the one hand, and, on the other, various other phases of modern life wherein figures hitherto the prerogative of astronomy are brought into the sphere of finance.

Any sum less than seven figures is, in these days, too insignificant to be seriously considered. One million pounds is to-day the standard unit for political discussion.

The first article of the series comes from the pen of Mr. Frederick Peaker, Labour Correspondent to "The Morning Post," and deals with the state of the country in connection with the dole.

Parliament has within the past few days authorized the borrowing of £70,000,000 sterling to meet deficit in the Unemployment Insurance Fund.

There are roughly 2,250,000 drawers in the country at the present moment who cost well over £100,000,000 annually.

The fund is being overdrawn at the fantastic rate of £500,000 per week.

At eleven o'clock every Friday morning the 2,250,000 men and women arrive at their several Labour Exchanges to draw £2,500,000 in cold cash provided by the tax-payers in a large and ever increasing part.

As Miss Bondfield, Minister of Labour, remarked last week, "transitional benefit," which falls wholly on the Exchequer, was estimated to cost, for this year, £22,000,000.

Quite recently Mr. Lloyd George declared that there was a good deal of "cadging" on the dole, and that it ought to be stopped. Just after the Napoleonic wars exactly the same sort of thing happened in the administration of the Poor Law. So great were the abuses that in the end a Royal Commission was appointed, and we may have to come to that yet over the abuses of the dole.

Now that Royal Commission, which reported in 1835, laid down several salutary rules, the most important of which was that no man should be able to get more by way of relief than he could earn if he were in work at the lowest paid kind of labour. That is what we know as the doctrine of less eligibility, that is to say that relief must always be less eligible or attractive than work.

At eleven o'clock every Friday morning something over two million people are queueing up. Among them you will find two sharply-defined classes of people—the regulars and the new ones—or, as somebody has called them, the skilled and the unskilled recipients of the dole.

Now let us see what they can draw. An unemployed man with a wife and three children is entitled to 32s., made up as follows:

	s.	d.
The unemployed man	17	0
His wife	9	0
Three children are 2s. each	6	0
	32	0

These payments are for six days of unemployment. Suppose the man worked on Sundays, it would not matter what he earned, he would still be entitled to the 32s. from the dole.

Neither does it matter what other members of the family may be earning. Take a married man with two youths, say eighteen and twenty years of age, living at home. If the sons as well as the father were out of work the family income would be:

	s.	d.
Father	17	0
Mother	9	0
Son aged eighteen	14	0
Son aged twenty	14	0
	54	0

If one or both sons were working the family income would be the greater by the difference between their earnings and the amount they draw as dole.

Many thousands of married women are on the dole while their husbands are in good work. In these cases the married woman is entitled to 15s. a week. Young women of the working-class are discovering that it pays them not to leave their employment on marriage but to continue for a few months, and then manage to get dismissed. If they leave work on marriage they are presumed to have left the labour market, and are no longer eligible for benefit, but if they continue to work for a period after marriage they can be in and out of work at leisure.

Domestic servants are not eligible for the dole; hotel, boarding-house, and club servants are. At the end of September there were 46,139 of these people drawing the dole, and the figure had grown to 63,085 by the end of October. In the old days many thousands of waiters, waitresses, chambermaids, boots, and so forth, flocked to seaside resorts in the summer, got good wages and tips, and returned home with a good deal of money to see them through the winter. Now as soon as the sea-side season is over, many of them go on the dole until summer calls them to the sea-side again.

Abuses of the dole are a by-word both in Parliament and out. It is the admitted prevalence of abuses that has caused the appointment of the Royal Commission over which Judge Holman-Gregory is to preside. These abuses take many and various forms, but perhaps the worst are to be found at the docks in the various ports. Owing to the peculiar character of dock labour it is provided in the Act that no qualifying period is necessary, so that if a dock-worker is unemployed for a single day he can draw the dole for that day. This has led the dock-workers to arrange rotas. Even if an employer wants to employ a man full time he is not allowed by the trade union to do so. The work is shared out, and earnings and dole are thrown into a pool, so that all may share and share alike.

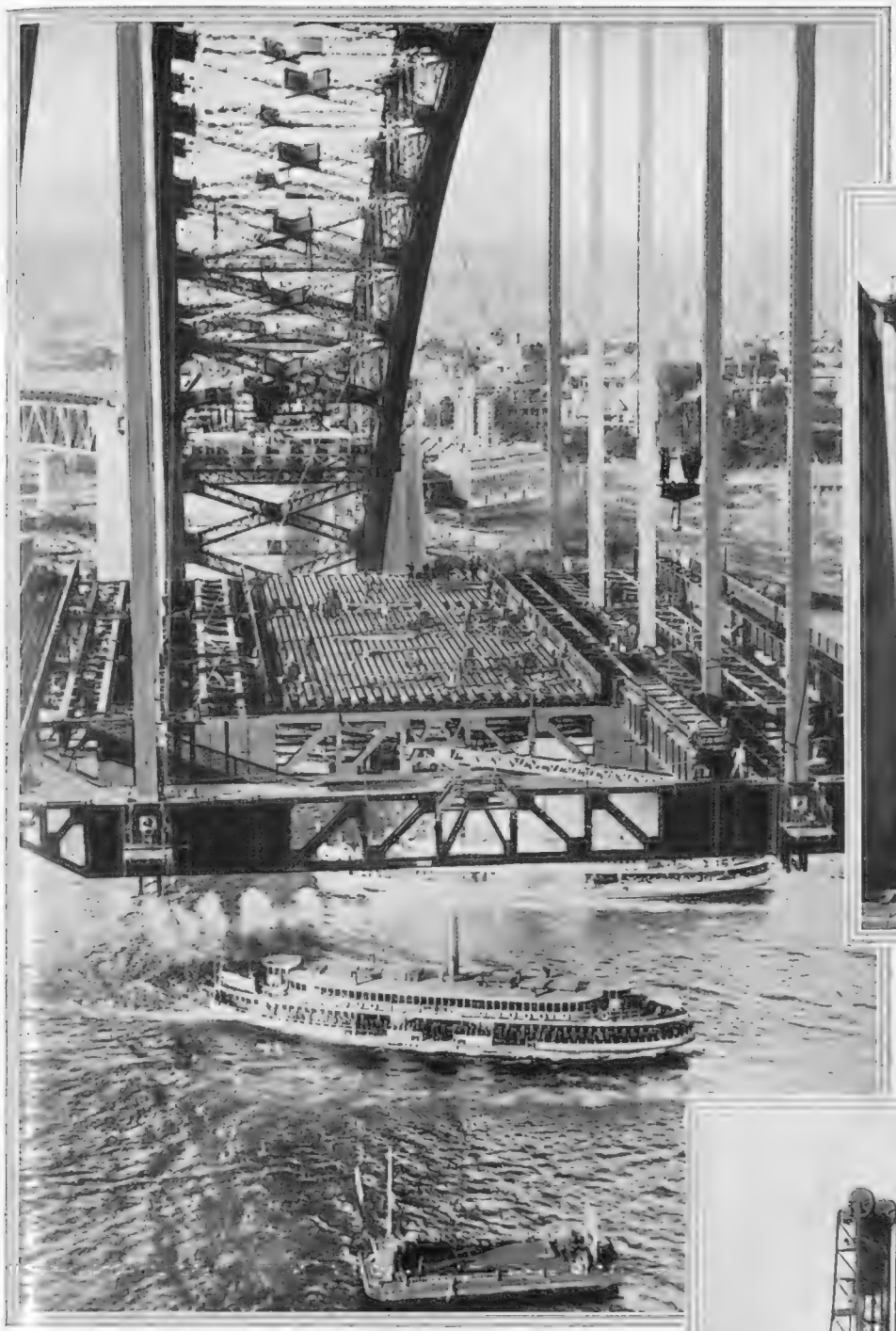
During a recent investigation in the Bristol Channel ports I discovered hundreds of cases of dock-workers who are income-tax payers and yet are drawing the dole every week of their lives. Trade is bad, and there are roughly twice as many dock-workers registered in these ports as are necessary. What happens is that half of them work the first three days of the week. They don't mind working overtime. The work is piece-work and is well paid, and the overtime is necessary because the employer wants to get his ship turned round as soon as possible. In those three days good money is earned by coal-trimmers, stevedores, and such-like people. Some of the stevedores can earn as much as £5 or over in the three days with overtime. They go on the dole for the other three days, and the other half of the registered dock-workers, who have been on the dole for the first three days, go to work for the second three days.

It is not in the least surprising that the trade unions all employ experts to instruct their members how to get as much out of the dole as possible. It is what these workers call "found money." This sort of thing makes the unemployment figures look much bigger than they really are.

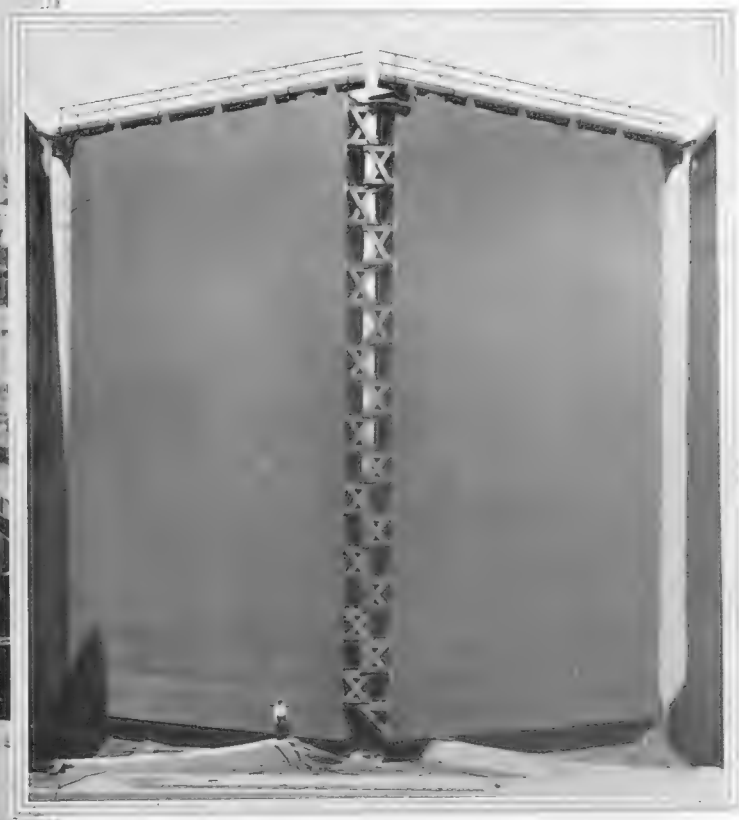
Anyone following the details of the official figures would come to the conclusion that cotton is an expanding industry because there are more insured workpeople in it now than there were a year ago. That is largely due to the recent Act which has had the effect of encouraging young women who get married to remain in insured work, so that they can get dismissed after a week or two and then draw the dole.

GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS

Large and Small

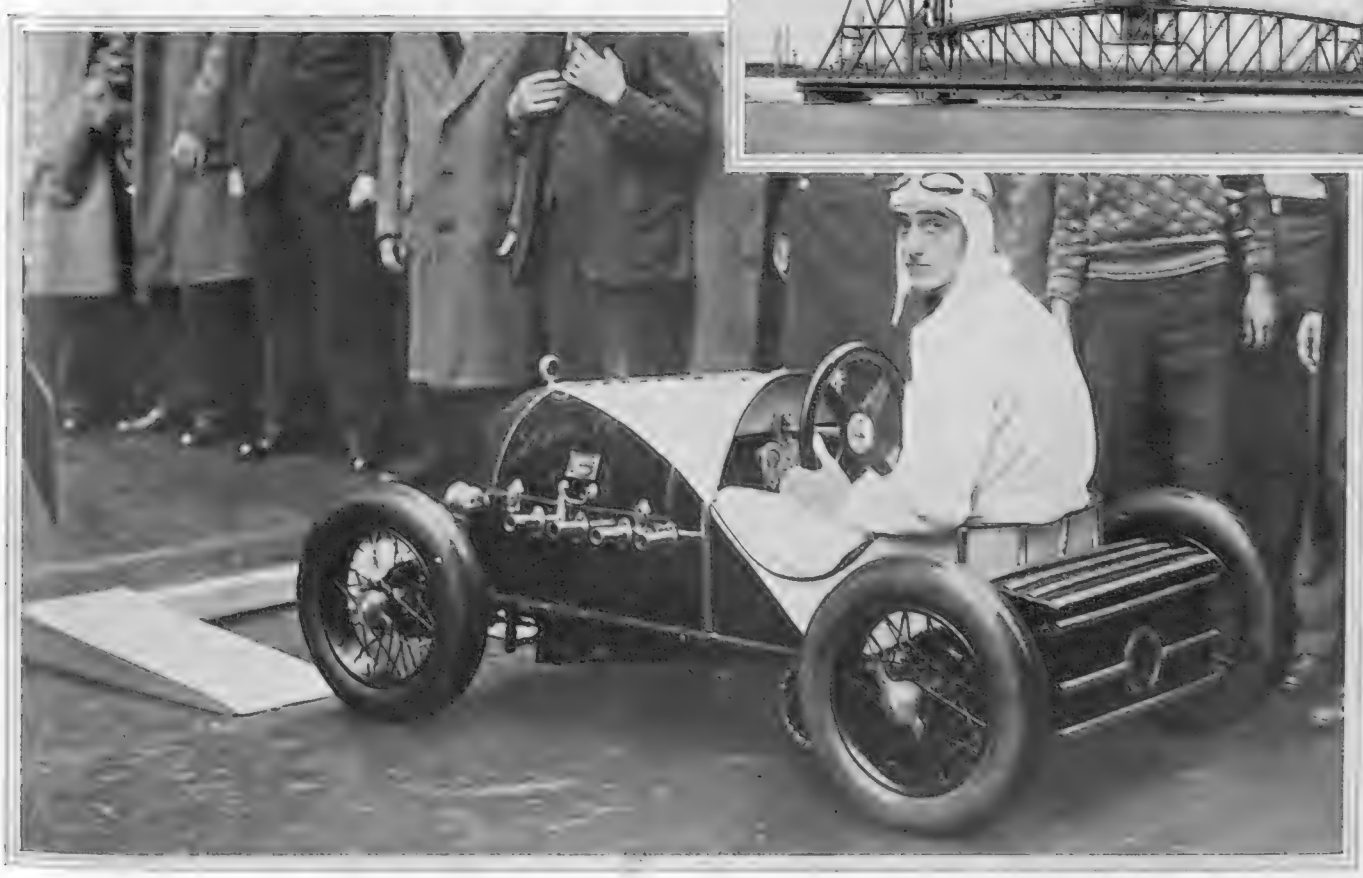


WORKING FROM THE CENTRE OUTWARDS: A striking picture of Sydney Harbour Bridge showing how the decking is laid from the centre. The hangers and decking being hauled into position by two creeper cranes mounted on the great arch which seems to span the sky



A LOCK ON THE WELLAND SHIP CANAL: The vast gates at Lock No. 1 in the great Canadian waterways scheme which, in some particulars, transcends in scope and difficulty even the Panama Canal

BRIDGE No. 16: One of the novel structures on the Welland Ship Canal



132-M.P.H. AND NOT A YARD WIDE: The "Little Mystery" motor-car and its inventor, Mr. Kenneth Morehouse. This microscopic racing car is 5 ft. long, 2 ft. 10 in. wide, and 2 ft. high. It is chain-driven and its exhaust pipes are set through the bonnet. It won the world's record for the class of cars under 1,000 lbs. at the Indianapolis Speedway recently with a speed of 91·2 m.p.h. in third gear. In top it will achieve 40 m.p.h. more

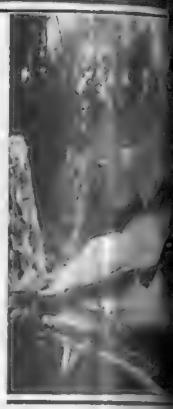
The new Welland Canal may rightfully be said to rival the Panama Canal. American builders overcame a difference of 85 ft. between the levels of Gatun Lake and the ocean by building three locks at each end. The builders of the Welland Canal have to provide for a vertical lift of 326½ ft., or nearly four times that which the engineers of the Panama had to cope with. It will have on completion a total length of 25 miles, and will be practically straight. The big locks, and there are seven of them, are located within a few miles of Lake Ontario. Each lock provides for a lift of 46½ ft., or nearly twice the lift of the Panama Canal locks. The builders have gone down to bedrock for these locks and have built them on concrete throughout; 2,850,000 cubic ft. of concrete and 20,000,000 lbs. of steel being used in the structures. It has cost some £20,000,000

The SURRENDER of A

The First Story of an Actual Eye Witness (who Played a Saving the Pledged Word of the Government) of a

THE GENDARMERIE OF THE PHILIPPINES: The Moros enlisted in the police, who know every trick of the bandits

AWAITING THE SURRENDER: Mr. Lilius with Lieutenants Ylagan and Oppus await the word that Sa Ganassi will "give up his body"



WAR IN THE

When, after weeks of cruising among the southernmost islands of the Sulu Archipelago, we finally reached the shores of Bongao, an isolated island near the Equator within sight of Borneo, the lieutenant in charge of the dozen constabulary soldiers stationed there as a reminder to the natives, Moros, and a few pagan tribes, of Uncle Sam's demand for law and order, told us an exciting tale of a "war" which was then going on in the province of Lanao in the interior of the island of Mindanao. A few Moro chiefs had started the rumpus by refusing to give up their arms to the constabulary and when finally strong-handed methods were to be applied to the outlaws, these Moslem gentlemen had naturally resented the intrusion and shot up the constabulary. Infuriated, the constabulary had attacked the *cota*, the Moro fortress, destroyed it, killed a few Moros, but let the principals escape into the hills. On the side of the constabulary one officer and several soldiers had been killed and many wounded. The escaped principal actor, "Sultan" Mamur, fled to a neighbour, *datu* (chief) Sa Ganassi, who probably sheltered him for a few hours, gave him rice to eat, and asked him to be on his way. In the meantime the constabulary had found out about Mamur's visit to Sa Ganassi, and on May 28 of this year paid an unexpected visit to the latter's *cota*.

It happened that Sa Ganassi was a *contra*, a Moro chieftain who does not believe in the authority of any other government but his own. There are many *contras* to-day in Moroland, but they are peaceful, bothering nobody but the tax collector, and asking only to be left alone. They live with their families and followers in their fortified *cotas*; but if diplomatically handled, they will undoubtedly one by one recognize the foolhardiness of their passive resistance to the existent order of things, and in due time become good and law-abiding citizens.

Enter the police forces of Lanao and demand admission into the *cota* and the surrender of Sa Ganassi and all his followers. Naturally he was too proud to obey without at least a show of protest, but the constabulary were irritated by their recent losses and their failure to apprehend Mamur. They brought Stokes mortars into action literally wiping the fort from the face of the earth, but Sa Ganassi and his followers also escaped unscathed into the hills. Although over two hundred shots were fired by the two mortars not a single Moro was killed, nor were there any serious casualties among the constabulary. To an outsider it looked very much as if the joke were on the constabulary. However, the man-hunt was on. "Get Mamur and Sa Ganassi dead or alive!"

This was the news which reached me at Jolo, the capital of Sulu, several days after I had left Bongao. But I thought that by now the "war" was surely over, and went leisurely on to Zamboanga, the beautiful tropical city on the south-west point of Mindanao.

But the war wasn't over. One evening, while sitting at the Zamboanga Overseas Club, indulging in the lawful pastime of throwing dice for the next round of drinks, one of the party, Colonel Luther Stevens, commander of the Mindanao constabulary, received a telegram that the merry war was expected to flare up again. He was ordered to rush to Lanao. And at this instant a telegram was handed to me from a Manila newspaper asking me to go there as their special correspondent. Midnight saw us leaving Zamboanga in the constabulary motor launch for Malabang on the west shores of Illana Bay, Mindanao. Twenty-three hours later we landed in that village, and one more day on horseback through mountainous jungle country brought us into the war zone along the shores of Lake Lanao.

THE PALACE OF A MORO CHIEFTAIN: "Sultan" Sa Tugaya's palace near which runs the boundary between contras (rebels) and Tugaya proper

The country looked peaceful. The Moros we met on the trail were of the usual type, betel-chewing and attired after the approved Moro fashion, in tight-fitting pink or black trousers, red turbans and yellow or purple shirts under short gold buttoned black jackets. We saw no signs of lawlessness, unless the fact should be mentioned that our six cargadores, who lagged far behind us with the baggage, had unlawfully and maliciously devoured the lunches that kind hands had prepared for us on the eve of our post haste departure from Zamboanga!

* * *

The report had been that Sa Ganassi had entrenched himself in a formidable *cota*, and from there defied anybody to attack him. But upon our arrival at Dansalan, the provincial capital of Lanao, the news had reached the constabulary headquarters that the whole thing had been a false alarm, and that the whereabouts of Mamur and Sa Ganassi were still unknown. So for a time the "war" was apparently postponed.

The governor then proceeded to take me in a car to the various "battlefields"; Mamur's destroyed *cota*, located only eleven kilometres from Dansalan, and Sa Ganassi's, thirteen kilometres further southward along the west shore of the lake. Both *cotas* were rather formidable affairs, enclosed by deep, almost bomb-proof trenches and thick bamboo fences, with the surrounding grounds strewn with sharp bamboo spikes for the attacking parties to cut their feet upon. Sa Ganassi's *cota* had a whole system of subterranean passages through which the outlaws had escaped when the gas bombs finally made things too uncomfortable for them. Numerous bamboo pipes protruded from the trenches. Through these pipes the Moros could in comparative safety observe the attacking soldiers and shoot at them by simply sticking their guns through the pipes and firing when they saw a man. Near the Pandi Ranao (which is Moro for "the Battle flag of Lanao"), the name of Sa Ganassi's *cota*, a constabulary detachment is now located in an old mosque. When our

PHILIPPINE OUTLAW

Great Part in Moro Surrender

By ALEKO E. LILIUS

Editor's Note: Our correspondent, Mr. Aleko E. Lilius, has recently returned to civilization from a long trip through the Sulu Archipelago all the way to Borneo. He then went by request of the largest newspaper in the Philippines, "The Manila Bulletin," to investigate and report on the recent troubles in the Lanao province in the interior of the island of Mindanao. Here he witnessed the surrender of the now famous Moro outlaw, Sa Ganassi, and all his followers to the emissary of the governor of Lanao. To quote the Manila newspaper: "Mr. Lilius, well known for his travels and exploits in the Orient, is probably the only foreign news correspondent who has had opportunity to be present at a formal surrender in a Moro fortress."

A scene during the actual bombardment and burning of the fortress of "Sultan" Mamur who assisted Sa Ganassi to escape

were located only a couple of kilometres from the constabulary post. The governor and I, escorted by six armed soldiers, marched over the jungle trail along the lake shore of Tugaya, a picturesque collection of Moro houses. Some of the houses were elaborately carved and painted, and all were built on poles in the usual Malayan fashion. We passed, on our way through, a barbed wire fence; on the gate the outlaws had posted a sign in English reading: "This is the line between *contras* and Tugaya."

We heard pounding of *a-gongs* and drums, most probably signalling a warning to the outlaws that we were approaching. There was every reason to suspect that they were hiding in the neighbourhood. In fact, Sa Ganassi was, through his many marriages and other family ties, related to practically everyone in the village, and here in Tugaya he was certainly among friends.

When we arrived at the "main plaza" of the village, the Sultan Sa Tugaya appeared with all his followers. He is an elderly gentleman of imposing stature, dressed in the usual Moro mode and wearing a small turban. He greeted us in a friendly manner, and the governor immediately opened negotiations for Sa Ganassi's formal surrender.

"Tell Sa Ganassi, that I, the governor, have said that if he surrenders to me before Tuesday next he and his followers will go unscathed."

The Sultan and his followers seemed pleased. He promised to arrange for the formal surrender on the following Sunday, and asked if on that date the governor would return to Tugaya for the outlaw's capitulation. The governor said he would come. In the meantime he appointed Lieutenant Ylagan deputy governor and gave instructions that all preliminary arrangements were to be made through him.

We then returned to the constabulary post and from there rode back to Dansalan.

I flashed the news that Sa Ganassi's surrender was to be expected on the following Sunday and that the governor had promised him and his followers full immunity provided that he surrendered within a week's time. And then the wires became hot. The higher authorities in Manila apparently disapproved of the governor's generosity. On Saturday, the day before the expected surrender, six Moros arrived in Dansalan and informed Colonel Stevens and the governor that they were messengers from Sultan Sa Tugaya.

party arrived we were informed by the officer in charge, Lieutenant Almando Ylagan, a Filipino, that he had been in touch with the outlaw through other Moros. One of them was the Sultan Sa Tugaya. The outlaw was willing to surrender should he be granted immunity for himself and his followers.

Sa Tugaya's village and palace

Sa Ganassi was willing to surrender to the governor. The governor was now apparently in a quandary, because he sent the messengers on their way with the startling statement that he did not believe a word of what they said.

Later in the day I saw the governor.

"Well, governor, are you going to Tugaya to-morrow?"

"I am sorry, but I can't. I am leaving on Tuesday for the States and I must pack."

"But what about Sa Ganassi? You promised . . ."

"I know, I know. But I don't believe that he will surrender. And really I have to pack. But, by the way, I am going to send a messenger to Lieutenant Ylagan, my deputy governor at Tugaya, cancelling all promises to Sa Ganassi."

"But, governor, you gave him until Tuesday to surrender. You can't possibly . . ."

"Well, I am not going to Tugaya, and the messenger is going to-morrow."

I asked the governor's permission to go with the messenger, because I thought that if Sa Ganassi was ready to surrender and the governor's messenger arrived with the order to his deputy, Lieutenant Ylagan, to cancel all promises of immunity, it would most probably cause trouble. I certainly wanted to be present.

* * *

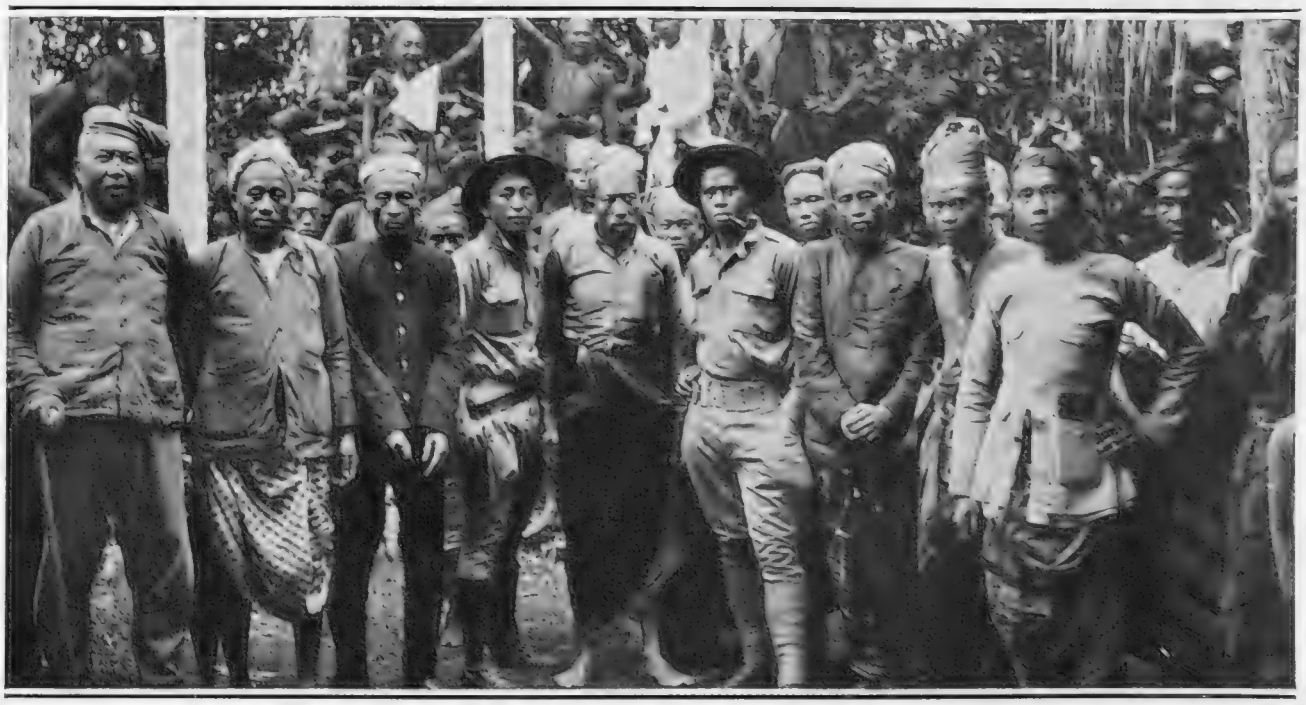
But I did not wait for the governor's messenger to fetch me next morning. Instead, I hired a car and went to Tugaya ahead of the messenger. A scared driver protested frantically that he would not risk his life and the car by going into the outlaw country, but somehow we reached our destination without mishap. Lieutenant Ylagan's first words to me were:

"Where is the rest of your party?"—meaning the governor.

I repeated to him what the governor had told me, and told him that he should expect a messenger at any

(*Continued on page* 530)

FORTIFICATIONS OF BAMBOO: Above are the sharp stakes protecting the cota; below, the bamboo ladder leading to an eyrie



THE SURRENDER: Sa Ganassi after his yielding with all his followers to the Government

HUNGARY CALLS ON GERMANY: Count Bethlen, the Prime Minister of Hungary, calls upon President Hindenburg

THE PALACE OF A CROWNLESS KING: The castle of Steenockerzeel, Belgium, where ex-Empress Zita proclaimed Otto heir to the Hungarian throne

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

THE CHESS-BOARD OF WAR.—Behind the scenes of European diplomacy a silent but dramatic game is being played in the Balkans, in which Kings and Queens are being moved like pawns on a chess-board. The "players" pitted against one another sit in Paris and in Rome. The romance of it is like an Anthony Hope or E. Phillips Oppenheim novel, with kings and queens, princes and princesses, sweethearts and villains, prime ministers, patriarchs, and even the Pope in the story.

Sinister intrigue, Machiavellian diplomatic strokes, secret service adventure, opening of letters, surveillance of couriers—enough to thrill the heart of a melodramatic writer of film scenarios. All this has been going on, is still going on, as silently and subtly as the master-novelist depicts such intrigue in his best story.

Prince Carol, now King Carol, after a quarrel with his mother, Queen Marie, renounced the Rumanian throne and crown for love of Titian-haired Ellen Lupescu, it is said. I talked to both, the day after they arrived in Milan from Bucharest, when all the court circles of Europe were agog with excitement. Later, I enjoyed a pleasant visit with them in the Prince's villa in Paris, and received the impression that Carol at the hands of Madame Lupescu, was getting the best training he had ever had in his life. Carol went to London to live with a friend a while. A British Government, not gifted with the foresight and cleverness traditionally imputed to it, asked him to leave. A wiser French Government offered him sanctuary, and treated him kindly. Carol has not forgotten the one act, or the other. He had been in Italy, he had been in England. In each country he met with the cold shoulder. One night, the "bedtime story" on the radio brought the astonishing news that Carol had become King of Rumania, succeeding his own six-year-old son, Michael, who went back to his toys, and from live to tin soldiers. Even Mussolini is said to have slept not very well that night. In Paris it is not regarded as an unfathomable diplomatic secret as to how the exiled Carol so suddenly became king, by whom engineered, or what interests and influences were behind the coup.

It was Rome's turn to move, while Paris sat back and smiled. The Duce had been checkmated in Bucharest. He turned to Sofia. Boris and the Bulgarians needed a Queen. Princess Giovanna was moved forward. Her mother, Queen of Italy, was a princess of the now extinct Montenegro, whose adherence to the Allied cause in the War was rewarded by her being erased from the map of Europe and added to Jugo-Slavia. The Bulgarian throne, no less the handsome and sensible Boris, provided the lure. To overcome the religious barrier, the Pope was brought into the picture. The marriage of Boris and Giovanna the other day is now history. Mussolini can sit back and call "Checkmate."

But the game is continuing. Italian influence is dominant in Budapest. Can the French take that "castle?" Will it require a king to accomplish it? Archduke Otto, called "King" Otto by the Hungarian Legitimists, attained his majority on his eighteenth birthday last week. With his mother, ex-Empress Zita, who through all the years of her misery has clung tenaciously to her dream of seeing her eldest son King of Hungary, Otto is being moved deeper and deeper into the game.

The "players" in Paris have so far blocked him through the Little Entente states, who declare "No Habsburg." Without accepting such understanding as exists between Italy and Hungary, the Powers That Be in Hungary, on their part are a barrier to Otto's setting on his head the thousand-year-old iron crown of St. Stephan.

Italy is not yet strong enough to put Otto, or any other king, in Budapest against the wishes of France and the Little Entente. That the Queen of Rumania is Helen of Greece, who refuses to be reconciled to Carol, has helped to draw Athens closer to Rome. The rapprochement between Turkey and Greece—the work of Mussolini—is a clever move on the flank by the Duce.

The game, intriguingly interesting, proceeds. In it, however, are grave potential dangers to peace.

THE BARRIER OF THE NORTH.—"Visions of regular year-round transatlantic air-traffic by the Northern Atlantic route between the United States and Europe at the present stage of aviation development is a fantastic delusion," Admiral Gago Coutinho told me in Lisbon the other day, declaring that no aircraft has yet been invented which could undertake scheduled transatlantic flights in winter as well as summer.

"And until air-traffic is on the same reliable basis as the departures and arrivals of steamers, it cannot be considered as a serious, permanent commercial proposition. The spectacular dashes of daring aviators, while adding gloriously to the annals of sport and romance, while invaluable in helping to make the world air-minded, cannot be claimed as blazing a utilitarian trail for commercial purposes."

Admiral Gago Coutinho is a famous navigator of Portugal, which country has been for centuries the cradle of some of the world's most scientific and enterprizing navigators and mariners. The Admiral with Pilot Sacadura Cabrai, was the first man to fly from Europe to South America in 1922. He invented the sextant with an artificial horizon, which created a new era in air navigation, and through his exploits and inventions has become a national hero in Portugal and Brazil. His authority on all air navigation matters is undisputed.

THE VOICE OF REASON: Admiral Gago Coutinho whose words spoken to Lady Drummond Hay in Lisbon recently, state with exactitude the present limitations of aerial transport

"The establishment of a regular passenger, mail, and freight air-service between Europe, South and Central America, is not only feasible and profitable, but increasingly desirable. It does not require big expensive flying-ships like the *DoX*," he added. "Modern sea-planes of fifteen to twenty tons would be just as safe and more serviceable, because a large fleet ensuring frequent service could be obtained for the same price as a few giant craft, and the total value distributed in such a fashion that the loss of one 'plane would not cripple either the service or the owner financially."

The Admiral pointed out that, according to his opinion, no aircraft—lighter-than-air or heavier-than-air—could successfully combat with blizzards and peril of ice forming on the craft, inevitable along the North Atlantic route in winter. "Problems such as these will no doubt be solved in some distant future. But as long as aircraft retains its present form and performance the dream of a *regular* uninterrupted scheduled transatlantic service any farther north than the southern route so amply provided with natural aerodromes at the Canary Islands, Cape Verdes Islands, Fernando Noronha, and Natal, in Brazil is impractical."

ROADS AND MORE ROADS.—Modern civilization has built enough road mileage to encircle the earth round the Equator 312 times.

The United States Department of Commerce Report on world-wide road survey, records 7,805,629 miles of road—an increase of 1,223,628 miles over 1928. The Report shows that Europe leads all the continents in the number of miles of road in proportion to land area. America has 3,727,393 miles of road, of which, however, 2,764,959 miles are of unimproved earth, or what we would call "country roads." Of Europe's 2,450,439 miles, only 58,098 miles are "country roads," and Europe leads in most types of treated, or hard surface roads. Asia comes next with 1,014,014 miles—435,126 miles of hard road, and 578,888 unimproved earth roads. Australia and New Zealand have 350,863 miles, and Africa 262,920 miles of road. Roads, facilitating communication and transport, are undoubtedly the most important basic factors of civilization. Sun Yat-Sen, "Father of the Chinese Republic," declared that China would never be properly opened up to modernization and exploitation until 1,000,000 miles of road have been built throughout the country, and 100,000 miles of railroad. Mr. Henry Ford, to whom roads appeal quite naturally as highways of prosperity, is credited with having told the Dutch in Holland during his visit there, that their canals would look better filled up and surfaced as motor-roads.

THE DICTATOR WITH A DUAL POLITICAL PERSONALITY.—Marshal Pilsudski, one of the strangest and most contradictory personalities in Europe to-day, appears more and more in the double rôle of a political Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in Poland.

Master of Poland he undoubtedly is. But master mind of Poland may well be questioned. Called "Dictator," he does not "dictate," and yet does—but in a manner different from the late Primo de Rivera of Spain, or Mussolini, whose dictatorship is direct and personal, with all the personal responsibility that attaches to it.

Marshal Pilsudski cannot shake off his earlier Socialistic doctrines and trainings, appears at one time in revolutionary rôle, and then in reactionary guise. Dictates one day through his personal Cabinet of "Colonels," and the next, endeavours to dress his actions in a Parliamentary cloak, selected rather than elected, under pressure of his policy and outstanding personality. The recent Polish Elections, with many leaders of the Opposition imprisoned, makes of the Parliamentary system a farce. Poland, like Germany, is cursed by many political parties, its free political development handicapped by many nationalities, and two "fears"—Russia and Germany.

Friendship with the Soviet is impossible to a Pilsudski. It might mean the disappearance once more of Poland. The Polish Corridor through Germany is, and ever will be, an insurmountable barrier as high as the Himalayas, to friendship with the Germans. Pilsudski's statesmanship has solved few problems in Poland. That may be the fault of circumstances and conditions of which he has not been able to make himself master. That, too, may account for what appears to be his Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde rôles from time to time.

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS THE WORLD

BRITAIN'S DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO FRANCE: Lord Tyrrell, our Ambassador to France, presents decorations to 169 French people in recognition of the help given in the *R 101* disaster. The Mayor of Beauvais (on Lord Tyrrell's left) received the C.B.E.

RELIEF TO THE HUNGARIAN UNEMPLOYED: A food queue lined up outside St. Stephan's Cathedral, Budapest, where Princess Odescalchi distributed gifts of food to the out-of-work. Police were required to maintain order in the dense crowds. *Inset above*—HONOUR TO FRANCE: Lord Tyrrell congratulates the Prefect of the Oise who, for his good offices in the dark hour of the *R 101* disaster, becomes Sir Georges Le Beau by the award of the K.B.E.

THE PRINCESS MARY OF RUMANIA: Princess Ileana was recently made Commandant of the Girl Guides of her country. She is seen kissing the cross when receiving benediction after her appointment—a ceremony held during an assembly of Girl Guides and Boy Scouts in Bucharest, attended by the Dowager Queen Marie and ex-Queen Elizabeth of Greece

The Literary APOTHEOSIS of EL GRECO

A Remarkable Volume on Painting, and Various Other Notable Books

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

The older I get the more I lament the fact that the span of existence does not extend for much more than seventy years. Day by day I find literature getting ahead of life, that is, on my bookshelves there is a growing multitude of volumes that are put by for the time when reading, and not writing, shall be my occupation. Perhaps I shall never read them; someone coming after me with a passion for hunting, or breeding dogs, or playing bridge, will call in a book-dealer and clear them out at a job-lot price.

The wastage in human accomplishment is a fact that continually depresses me. Think of the skill born of years of practice that is in Paderewski's fingers! To him the hardest Chopin "Polonaise" is no more than the lacing of a shoe. With his death all that skill is irretrievably lost. I have a friend who, put down anywhere on the Afghanistan borders, or in the heart of Lhassa, would speak the native dialect with the ease of his mother tongue. All that will vanish at his death. The human being spends some sixty years developing his mind and storing it with knowledge, and then, in one second, a life's accumulation has vanished. Writers have this advantage, in common with artists and composers, that they can form some kind of record of their ability, though they can bequeath nothing of that ability itself.

A WRITER ON THE UNIVERSE: Sir James Jeans, whose brilliant pen has been plying of late to great effect in the columns of "The Times" as well as in his two complementary volumes, "The Mysterious Universe," and "The Universe Around Us"

This lament is provoked by *The Birth of Western Painting*, by Robert Byron and David Talbot Rice (Routledge and Sons. 42s.). Here is a very large and carefully produced book to which it is impossible for a reviewer, from a point of time and space, to do justice, I have put it on the shelf for those last years "quand je ne lis pas, je relis." It is a history of Colour, Form, and Iconography, illustrated from the paintings of Mistra and Mount Athos, of Giotto and Duccio, and of El Greco. "Then it is of little interest to me," I can hear the reader say, who is not an art enthusiast. But he would be wrong. For Mr. Robert Byron, I take it that he is the author, for his particular idiosyncrasies stamp the text, is not only conducting propaganda for an art tradition which he has to some original degree detected, he is challenging our civilization and the religions that have made it.

In this manner he embarks on a somewhat similar crusade for the enlightenment of humanity to that of John Ruskin. He has enthusiasm, scholarship, independence, and a touch of fanaticism. Unhappily he has nothing of Ruskin's delightful prose style. At times Mr. Byron's prose is atrocious. He insists on his readers doing all the work, and sometimes he creates a jargon all his own, "the iconodule defence of pictures," "the period of Leo's micrasiatic sojourn," etc. The latter, I presume, simply means "Leo's sojourn in Asia Minor," and, if so, why not say so? Sentences of this nature remind one of an undergraduate talking to impress his contemporaries. Yet Mr. Byron has anything but an undergraduate mind. Laziness and not vanity surely accounts for a preposterous sentence such as this:

> "The exercise of contrasting colour fields, for which Byzantine art was henceforth to be distinguished, and which, from now on, was to be the chief instrument in the advance of formal interpretation necessitated by the condonation of God's portrayal in human semblance, must have derived, since it did not exist before, from the psychological assimilation of the iconoclast ideal."

Having read that sentence through three times I began to understand what the author wished to express. But considering those all-too-short seventy years of our sojourn on this troubled planet, it is very naughty of Mr. Byron to be so wasteful of his reader's time and patience. He is often guilty of such bad writing. Then why attempt to read it? Well, Mr. Byron has, I feel, something really worth saying. He has a point of view, and his labour and learning, if not his prose, command respect.

I cannot help reflecting upon the odd chances that bring us to our tasks. If Mr. Byron's name had not been Byron, would Greece have won his allegiance, would his welcome there have been so cordial? A poet, not a drop of whose blood is in his veins, has provided him with an open sesame. It is to his great credit that he has used it so worthily. Here is a book which cannot fail to have deep influence upon art criticism and tradition. It establishes, I think, theories which have hitherto only been outlined in conjecture; it clears up a great mystery, the apparent isolation in art traditions of El Greco. Mr. Byron shows, with considerable proof, that Byzantine art is not an isolated province, but a continuous tradition that vanquished Hellenistic naturalism, or "photography," as Mr. Byron somewhat harshly calls it, and made interpretational art triumphant.

Thus the religious emotion inspiring Duccio and Giotto is of the same origin as that of their contemporaries at Mistra and Mount Athos, to whom Mr. Byron has given searching attention. He crowns the Cretan, El Greco, as the world's supreme artist, the strange, scorned character who treated Michael Angelo's work with open contempt. He had astounded Rome with a portrait of himself at twenty-nine, but he made that city hostile by his declaration, "A good man, Michael Angelo, but he could not paint." So El Greco went to Spain, to Toledo, to win wealth and fame, a man of wit and ostentation, who lived in a suite of twenty-four rooms, hired musicians to play to him at meals, but was always capable of saying he would rather be poor than make a fool of himself by not painting as he wished.

This book, magnificently illustrated, marks a momentous departure in art criticism. It presents a thesis that I believe is proved, but it is a work of much wider appeal than appears on the surface. In its survey our civilization is examined and criticized. Almost every sentence provokes a train of startling thought. If many of the sentences are clumsy and confused some are of great beauty and brilliance. At moments something of the writer's exaltation in contemplation of his task is conveyed to the reader—

> "The writer, pondering his writer's ambitions as he walked the encircling hills of the latter town, knew suddenly that Greco had taught him as no other man had ever done, what can be made of the symbols of human understanding. The instruments of language and colour, of grammar and brush, became suddenly inseparable. Only the purpose of art was apparent—to express through beauty the purpose of man. It seemed for one transient moment as though not only any artist, but any human being whatsoever, engaged in any high aim, might model his work on Greco's. The illusion passed. But there remained a new and deeper knowledge of that single quest which is at the bottom of all true art and thought."

Here is an extraordinary novel that stands quite by itself in the character of this year's fiction. *The River*, by Tristram Tupper (Bles. 7s. 6d.), is a story of passion in the life of a youth. But the nature of the passion owes nothing to the imagination. One has a feeling that this book was felt, rather than imagined. The scene is primitive, a great river, and a bridge that absorbs the energy of rough men, and, beside it, a shack in which a woman lives. There is the power and menace of the river running like a threnody through this story of the whirlpool into which a boy's love draws him. There is nothing more than this in the story, yet the motive is sufficient, and the drama never sags from the opening page to the last. The achievement is all the more remarkable because the story is told throughout in the first person. It has a lyric beauty, and the mountain, the bridge, and the river are like symbols of the forces sweeping these lovers to the final disaster of unhappy passion.

The touch of Mr. Denis Mackail is so light, he is so much a creature of the spring, young lovers in their joy and folly, of ambitious clerks dreaming on office stools, and prim spinsters taking their Fidos for an airing, that I have had a shock in his latest fantasia on the delight of being alive. In *The Square Circle* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), a happy title, for it deals with the circle that inhabit a London residential square, Mr. Mackail is suddenly *macabre* in one of his chapters. Only for a few pages of course. He is much too blithe to linger long in the shadows, but in those few pages that lurk away out of the sunshine of his book, there is the grimmest of grim pictures. We encounter Mr. Justice Melhuish in bed, aged eighty-two and about to die. But he does not die, and the battle over that bed reveals a quite surprising side of Mr. Mackail's work. For the rest, a light commentary on births, marriages, and deaths in the square leads one through some five hundred pages of contemporary history.

The success of Mr. Frederic Manning's *Her Privates We* has evoked interest in his past work, which appeared unheralded. In *Scenes and Portraits* (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.), he reissues an early book, which Colonel Lawrence says he has read "at least fifty times." Like much concerning the gallant Colonel, I take that fifty with a pinch of salt. But the book is well worth re-reading. Its six stories are embroideries of characters and periods in histories. They are deliberate and somewhat Walter Paterish in their too conscious style, but a real beauty dwells in the mosaic-like quality of Mr. Manning's work. Nowhere is it seen to more perfect advantage than in the exquisite study, "A Friend of Paul," which is like a footnote to the Epistles. But the fullest measure of Mr. Manning's intellect, as well as his artistry is to be found in "The Paradise of the Disillusioned," which is a conversation between the shades of Ernest Rénan and Pope Leo. Most of the dialogues in this book are concerned with the human conception of God, and Mr. Manning's strength lies in the fact that he is the theologian turned novelist. His spirit is serious, but his power to afford entertainment is in no way diminished thereby. I hope this book, first published in 1909, will receive the attention it deserves. Mr. Manning is the case of an author who has written little and written well in the course of twenty years. Incidentally, how fortunate to be able to dedicate a story to "Olivia Shakespeare." It compels good writing.

Recently, with the winter advancing, I put a feeding-tray out in the garden for the birds. I placed the tray opposite my writing-desk so that while I worked in silence I could see the birds. But I had to move the tray from outside my window. It proved much too distracting. A city-dweller all my life, I had no idea that even in winter time there were so many lovely little fellows who stayed behind to share the winter of our discontent. Now here is a truly delightful book, *Near Neighbours*, by Margaret Holden (H. Toulmin. 6s.), with a dedication to the man who said "You can buy three pounds of cherries for half-a-crown, but money will not bring birds into your garden."

Like myself, Mrs. Holden lived many years in a town, and only lately has begun to observe the birds in her garden. But she possesses an instinct for friendship with them, and has no need of cherries. I despair of ever reaching such terms with my pensioners as "the man of the house, who does some of his physical exercises on his back on the floor with his feet up," and who had a tit perch on his toe. Mr. W. H. Davies has a garden in which he has brought his birds on to friendly and almost speaking terms but, as he has observed, he is indebted to them far beyond

(*Continued on p.* 530)

The week's selection—

The Honourable Artillery Company in the Great War (Seeley Service. 12s. 6d. net).—The authorised record of the H.A.C.'s war service.

Winter Sports (Seeley Service. 15s. net).—The eighth volume of the Lonsdale Library with contributions by the Hon. Neville Lytton, Viscount Knebworth, and other eminent winter sports authorities. It covers every aspect of winter sports for the beginner or specialist.

Mary of Scotland, by *Grant R. Francis* (Murray. 16s. net).—A spirited defence of Mary, Queen of Scots, covering the landing at Leith to the flight to England (1561-68).

Trodden Ways, by *Sir Ian Malcolm* (MacMillan & Co 12s. 6d. net).—A series of reminiscences from 1895-1930, covering experiences in Russia, France, Spain, Germany and America. A record of a full and varied life, including over twenty years in the House of Commons, and the coronation of the late Czar.

Royal Homes Near London, by *Benton Fletcher* (Lane. 21s. net).—A series of forty-three beautiful pencil sketches, together with a general outline of the history of the Royal occupations of some twenty homes.

Romantic Cheshire, by *J. Cumings Walters* (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net).—Some twenty pencil sketches of Cheshire beauty spots, together with a description of the sights and scenes of the county.

The Apple Cart, by *Bernard Shaw* (Constable. 5s. net).—The text of the play, with a preface, in which democracy is defined as government by consent of the governed.

Hercules, Esq., by *Gwyn Evans*.—This novel has a most ingenious idea for its theme. A young journalist is set five tasks by five millionaires, with tremendous penalties or prizes. The story is admirably worked out with countless thrills. It is gay, original, and a sound entertainment throughout.

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GUINNESS FOR STRENGTH

AMAZONS *of the* AIR

A Record of Flying Women All Over the World

"HERE'S HOW!" Mrs. Keith Miller, the Australian aviatrix, celebrates her safe arrival at Havana after her non-stop flight from Pittsburgh which took but twelve hours. The return journey is now history

EN ROUTE TO JAPAN: The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, who brought to the air the indomitable courage and high skill that made her famous as a motorist, at Hong Kong, where she landed on her flight to Japan—an achievement she accomplished only after many vicissitudes. Her flight holds in it more than most the quality of Epic which is to be found in the classics. She is the first woman ever to have dared a solo flight of such magnitude

A FRENCH TRIUMPH: Mlle Marise Hilsz, who flew successfully to Karachi, whence she left en route to Saigon or Hanoi in Indo-China. Mlle Hilsz used a Moth aeroplane on this pioneer effort for the women of her land

THE AMPHIBIAN! Not the machine but Miss Winifred Spooner, who, on an attempt to fly to Cape Town with Flying-Officer Edwards, crashed into the sea off Belmonte when trying to reach Sicily from Rome. Miss Spooner swam for two hours to achieve the shore and Flying-Officer Edwards was picked up later. Miss Spooner seems (from this picture) none the worse for her ordeal. Inset above on right *is the start from Croydon of Miss Spooner's flight, Miss Spooner standing between her brother and her co-pilot*

BIGGER *and* BETTER WHALES:

Southward Ho!
Fleets of

THE FLOATING FACTORY: The mother ship of a whaling fleet to which are lashed the carcasses of the catches. These are inflated and sealed to enable them to be towed and dealt with in rotation. A factory can to-day extract 1,500 barrels of oil *per diem* instead of the sixty or seventy of earlier times. The Norwegian fleet is now composed of 100 vessels, including twenty-three "factories" and the tank capacity exceeds 1,000,000 barrels

FROM THE CROW'S-NEST: The old science of harpooning by hand immortalized in *Moby Dick* has given place to a small cannon firing a harpoon and high explosives

EIGHTY YEARS OLD: A Right whale caught of upper jaw is the balleen from wh

The largest whaling fleet that has ever sailed from Norway is now down in the Antarctic where the whaling season is in full operation. The fleet comprises 42 floating factories, 20 transport vessels, and 230 whale catchers. Such an armada as this has never before been seen in the Antarctic and grave fears are expressed that the whale is in danger of extinction in these waters. This is, however, groundless, as the whales of to-day are more productive of oil than those caught in previous years. The total capacity of the factories is 2,400,000 barrels, and 20 tankers with a capacity of 950,000 barrels have also been chartered. Most of the oil has already been sold to American buyers on the basis of £25 a ton. Whaling is no longer the romantic affair of past years. The whole enterprise is organized to cut out adventure and to pay dividends to shareholders. The technique of whaling has been enormously developed in recent years and is still advancing. Fast and speedy craft, improved harpoon equipment carrying deadly explosive charges, the full use of the wireless telephone between mother ship and chasers, and the intensive study of ice, weather, and whaling grounds, all combine to make whaling a well-organized and highly technical proposition. To such a pitch has this organization been brought that the mother ship is able to inform the headquarters at Oslo of the daily catch in the Ross Sea.

Only last year, Admiral Evans, the Antarctic explorer, stressed the importance of the whaling industry as an outlet for British capital and as a source of employment, not only for our ex-naval officers and men, but also for our shipbuilding trades. He complained that we had sat still while the Norwegians wrested from us an industry that is now bringing them millions of pounds. On the other hand, it is to the credit of the Norwegians that, while British seamen were forgetting all they ever knew about whaling,

Ho! with the Antarctic Whaling
ts of England and Norway

THE MATERIALS FOR MARGARINE : A factory ship with whales tethered to the stern. Whale oil is used mainly to make the popular butter substitute. The feared extinction of whales is a groundless terror for, though fewer, the present type of aquatic mammalian is larger both in size and oil-producing capacity

ff South Georgia, lying on a flenshing platform. The fringe from the hich corsets and crinolines used to be built up

THROUGH THE ICE : The "chasers" follow the mother ship of factory ships (from the stern of which this picture was taken) through the leads in the pack ice

the Norwegians themselves were putting the industry on a sound commercial footing. Science and modern appliances have been brought to their aid by the Norwegians at every turn, both for "spotting" and killing and treating the whale. Aeroplanes are likely to be used for observation purposes in the near future, and experiments are being made with apparatus intended to kill the whale by passing an electric current along the wire attached to the harpoon. At present a skilled gunner makes £5,000 a year. Increased whaling activities during recent years appear to have had the curious effect of improving the individuals both in quality and size. This is probably due to the killing off of old bull-whales who formerly kept their younger rivals away from the cows. This is only another version of the sportsman's old policy of destroying old cock pheasants to improve the breed. It certainly looks as though the ideal combination in whaling enterprise must be Anglo-Norwegian—British capital and British-built ships manned by Norwegian crews.

JOYS *of the* CHASE

Hunting in Full Swing all Over the Kingdom

AT THE HUNTER TRIALS: Mrs. Pakes, Mrs. Peter Finch, and Miss Steward at the Easton Harriers and Hunter Trials held at Poplar Farm, Ashbocking, near Ipswich. On right—Lady Elizabeth Scott is seen out with the Duke of Buccleuch's in the shadow of the Eildons, the famous Border peaks

A MEET IN A RUINED CASTLE KEEP: The Blackmore Vale met at the castle ruins, Sherborne, Dorset, the other day. The castle, built as a fortress in the reign of Henry I, was demolished in the Civil War

SPRING-HEELED JILLS: The latest game is to affix a device known as the "Kangru Springshu" to the feet and proceed along the ground in the manner exploited by a famous criminal. The sensation achieved is very exhilarating

The Eildon Hills, of which there are three, only two of which appear in the circular picture above, rise to a height of some 1,200 or 1,300 ft. From their summits Scott could point out forty-three places famous in war and verse. The group was once a single cone and was, according to legend, split into its present formation in a single night at the command of Michael Scot and Thomas the Rhymer spent over three years there after his capture by the Fairy Queen

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MURAL DÉCOR

Special "Sphere" Pictures of the Art of Mr. Dean Cornwall

MURAL DECORATIONS FOR LOS ANGELES: Mr. Dean Cornwall at work in the famous Avenue Studios on the décor for the Los Angeles Public Library. The work is carried on in many stages. First the study of a head is made from life; then this is incorporated in the black and white small-scale scheme for a panel; then the miniature is coloured, and finally the whole is drawn up on the gigantic canvases, first in line and then in colour. The artist has to use a movable staircase for his work!

INDUSTRIAL SYMBOLISM: One of a series of mural decorations which has recently been completed by Mr. T. H. Benton to adorn the walls of the board-room of the million dollar home of the New School for Social Research. The motif of the series is "America To-day," the example above depicting agriculture and the lumber trade and showing the instruments of industry as integral parts of a decorative scheme

THE LOS ANGELES LIBRARY IN MINIATURE: The model to which Mr. Dean Cornwall, the distinguished muralist, is working. The gigantic work has to be finished this year. The panels will be rolled up on special huge rollers and sent to America by ship

Picture by the special "Sphere" process

ON A REVOLVING STAGE: The great fair scene in "Ever Green" at the New Adelphi, the various attractions of which are displayed on a stage which revolves to bring a continuous succession of different booths before the audience

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

BY HENRY SHEREK

Although I had seen and acclaimed C. B. Cochrane's latest and biggest operette, "*Ever Green*," on its original production at Glasgow, I enjoyed it even more in the comfortable surroundings of the new Adelphi Theatre.

The colour-scheme of the new theatre is orange, and the architecture extremely modern, the decorations being very simple. I find this effective as it does not detract one's attention from the stage.

As far as the show is concerned, it went without a hitch on the opening night and, thanks to the revolving stage, the huge and lavish scenes followed one another with great rapidity, which is of paramount importance to the success of a show of the value of this one.

The story is not of great importance and seems to be struggling not to be engulfed by the spectacle. However, it keeps on returning and at least gives the audience a breathing-space to think over the orgy of colour and movement.

A young actress, finding that managers are not exactly fighting to obtain her signature to their contracts, hits on the bright idea of "turning Fanny Ward," by pretending that she is sixty and that her mother is her daughter.

Everything works splendidly until she falls in love when, of course, there are complications. Personally, I felt that she could easily have told her admirer the truth as soon as they had found out that they were made for each other (which, incidentally, happens within five minutes of their first meeting in the romantic surroundings of a bedroom in a seaside boarding-house), but as this would have meant that we should have been hurled out into the cold and unfriendly Strand at about nine o'clock, I was grateful that, like all stage lovers, they were entirely devoid of common sense.

Naturally, all comes right in the end, but the young man has to become everything from a lion-tamer to an extemporizing artist in a Paris night club before he finally and realistically clasps his adored one to his Hawes and Curtis chest.

I thought the scene showing a rehearsal of a revue at a Paris theatre, tactfully named the Casino des Folies, easily the most amusing.

Our old friend, Leon Morton, not looking a day older than he did when I last saw him in London at the Ambassador's Theatre some fifteen years ago, was absolutely true to life as the producer, although, of course, he was obliged slightly to modify the language usually used on these exciting occasions. Kaye Hammond, as a *blasé* show-girl gave us one of her usual clever cameos in this scene.

The sketch where Albert Bourdon, one of the best of the many excellent comedians to be found in the provinces (if only London managers would take the trouble of going to see them) mistakes a school of *jeunes filles* for an establishment containing other *filles* not quite so *jeunes* is very funny even if extremely *risqué*. Leon Morton as the head-mistress who finally decides to do her best to alleviate the visitor's disappointment is perfect.

Of the big scenes, the most effective is that showing the Fair at Neuilly at night, where the stage slowly revolves showing the exteriors of the many amusement booths, and even a merry-go-round in full flight. This *tour de force* "brought the house down" on the opening night.

The scenes showing a Paris revue were splendid, but I found the most artistic set that depicting a religious festival in Catalonia.

Mr. Benn Levy, the author, had to stretch the story to provide an excuse for this scene, but it contained one of the best numbers of the show sung by Miss Joyce Barbour, who has improved considerably and now has a nice sense of comedy. The chorus wore particularly effective dresses of every imaginable hue during this number, and the applause which greeted their entry drowned the first few bars of the song. Miss Barbour is, however, too old a "trouper" to let a little thing like that worry her.

Jean Cadell as the heroine's mother looked and behaved exactly like almost any elderly Englishwoman one carefully avoids on the Continent, and was a huge success. Her delicious laugh is most infectious, and she very nearly walked off with the honours of the evening.

I noticed an amusing alteration in the script in one of Miss Cadell's scenes. She is supposed innocently to recommend a book to her daughter which she finds charming and sweet. At Glasgow she mentioned one of D. H. Lawrence's most widely read works, at which I did not notice a smile in the audience, but expected a roar of laughter at the mention of the title in London. The book has been altered to Mr. Maugham's latest and most excellent work *Cakes and Ale!* So Mr. Cochran presumably prefers to give a free advertisement to a living author.

The music and lyrics of that clever couple, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, are very good, for there are at least three numbers which will be heard everywhere. The best of these is *Dancing on the Ceiling*. Mr. Cochran specially imported two coloured gentlemen from America to produce the dances, and the "after-beat rhythm" is noticeable in every dancing number. This makes for a certain sameness.

As far as actual applause was concerned, as is usual in this type of entertainment, the two interpolated dancing acts earned the most. Carlos, Chita, and Company, comprising three men and an attractive blonde girl, whom they throw all over the place, were as good as any of the many acts of this nature that have lately sailed across the Atlantic to thrill Londoners, whilst Jean Barry and Dave Fitzgibbon are the most attractive dancers extant of the sophisticated ballroom type.

Altogether "*Ever Green*" is the most entertaining, amusing, and thrilling musical show I have seen. I strongly recommend it.

Maurice Chevalier, the darling of the gods and goddesses, appeared to have disappointed the majority of the audience who saw his first performance at the Dominion Theatre.

They did not realize (as why should they?) the immense and practically impossible task he had undertaken.

The first half was frankly boring. It would have been acceptable as a twenty-minute entertainment at my favourite cinema—the Plaza—but as an attempt to amuse a London audience for an hour it was a failure.

Veloz and Yolande I thought exquisite when I saw them at the May Fair Hotel, but they seemed lost in the vast mass of one of London's largest theatres, as did Melville Gideon, although his band certainly filled the huge auditorium with every variety of raucous sounds.

All this only accentuated Maurice Chevalier's terrific personality in being able to "get over," which he certainly did. I doubt if there is another artiste living who could have accomplished so much, although Maurice would have been wiser to restrict his entertainment to forty minutes instead of an hour.

Altogether he sang twelve songs, and could have, with advantage, dispensed with his imitations of French comedians which, however good, were only interesting to the extremely small percentage of the audience who had seen the originals. His impersonation of Mayol was much applauded because of the peculiar idiosyncrasies of this favourite of twenty years ago, which Maurice most adroitly and tactfully explained. In fact, his descriptions of the meaning of his French songs were easily the best items of the programme. If he could only have sung these songs in English his success would have been doubled, as, in spite of the excellent Messrs. Berlitz and Hugo, the audience *would* laugh in the wrong places.

The songs in English were all taken from the films which have made him so famous, and it was peculiar to notice how banal the lyrics were when sung in cold blood, without the romantic environment of the screen story.

Maurice was badly served by the orchestra on the opening night. He should not have explained each mistake by the fact that there had only been one rehearsal. This does not interest the audience, who pay their money to see everything working properly, and do not care if he has fifty rehearsals. Personally I could see no reason why only one rehearsal was held.

When I saw *The Queen Bee* a few weeks ago when it was done by the Repertory Players on a Sunday night, I thought the idea of the play was original and interesting, but did not think it would be produced for the general public, as there were certain scenes which would have to be cut so drastically as to make them difficult to understand.

There has been quite a lot of deletion, but not so much as I should have thought would be necessary to satisfy the Lord Chamberlain.

It served, however, as an excellent vehicle for Iris Hoey to show every emotion as a perfect vampire of a woman who sends three excellent men to their graves, where they emerge from their tombs at night and gravely discuss the cause of their several premature and sudden deceases.

Frederick Leister as the most cynical of the three repeats his excellent performance, and although I laughed at his cynical summing-up of the so-called weaker sex, I noticed a number of married men in the audience did so with their tongues in their cheeks, and left the theatre looking very thoughtful.

Iris Hoey is splendid, as is the only other survivor of the original cast, Ballard Berkeley, whose portrayal of a modern young man is perfectly thought out.

After long preparation, the People's Theatre has started its activities by reviving *The Man from Blankley's* at the Fortune Theatre. The play is amusing enough in its way, and I can quite understand it having been a big success thirty or forty years ago with Charles Hawtrey in the principal male rôle. Unfortunately, Guy Newall's idea of how the part should be played seemed to be rather vague, although the acting of the rest of the cast was of a high standard.

THE LOVER AND THE DOCTOR: Mr. George Berraud and Mr. Guy Pelham Boulton in The Queen Bee, *a brilliant play of markedly Continental flavour at the Prince of Wales*

THRILLS AND SPECTACLE

"HE'S DEAD!" The tragic moment in the ghostly play, *A Murder Has Been Arranged*, at the St. James's Theatre. Above Miss Amy Veness, Miss Margaretta Scott, the heroine, and Mr. J. H. Roberts as the victim, are seen

THE CLUTCHING HAND: A tense moment from *Twelve Hours*, the new thriller at the Comedy, by John Willard, author of *The Cat and the Canary*. The scene shows Miss Phyllis Thomas, the heroine, and a mysterious hand

"EVER GREEN": The impressive penultimate finale in this most spectacular of the Cochran shows. It deals with an actress who masquerades, for the sake of publicity, as her mother's mother! The daughter is Miss Jessie Matthews: the mother, Miss Jean Cadell seen above with a crescent on her head. The most spectacular of all the incidents is the use of a revolving stage which is employed to reveal a continuous succession of the various sideshows of a fair. The chorus rivals even the Ziegfeld miracles of New York

Inset—CONFESSION: The ghost (Mr. J. H. Roberts) of the murdered man confronts the company he, in life, had invited to a party on the stage of the St. James's Theatre (where the play is running) which is reputed to be haunted. *From left to right are*—Miss Viola Compton, Miss Ann Codrington, Miss Amy Veness, Miss Margaretta Scott (whose emotional acting has won high praise in this part), and Mr. Henry Kendall, the heir to the millions whose Machiavellian cleverness in the murder is discounted by his cowardice in facing the ghost

The SPHERE of SOCIETY

Princess Elizabeth Goes to Her First Fancy Dress Party: the Newest Dance Demonstrated; A Trio of Attractive Children; A December Betrothal

Douglas

FOUR GRACES: The four daughters of the Hon. Sir James and Lady Connolly. The engagement of Miss Marjorie (who is holding the dog), the third daughter, to Mr. Alexander McKechnie, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. George McKechnie, has just been announced

A SUBJECT OF DISPUTE: Little Joan Carroll who was, on the judgment of the Court of Appeal, given up by the Children's Aid and Adoption Society to the Catholic Crusade, is seen above with her new foster-parents

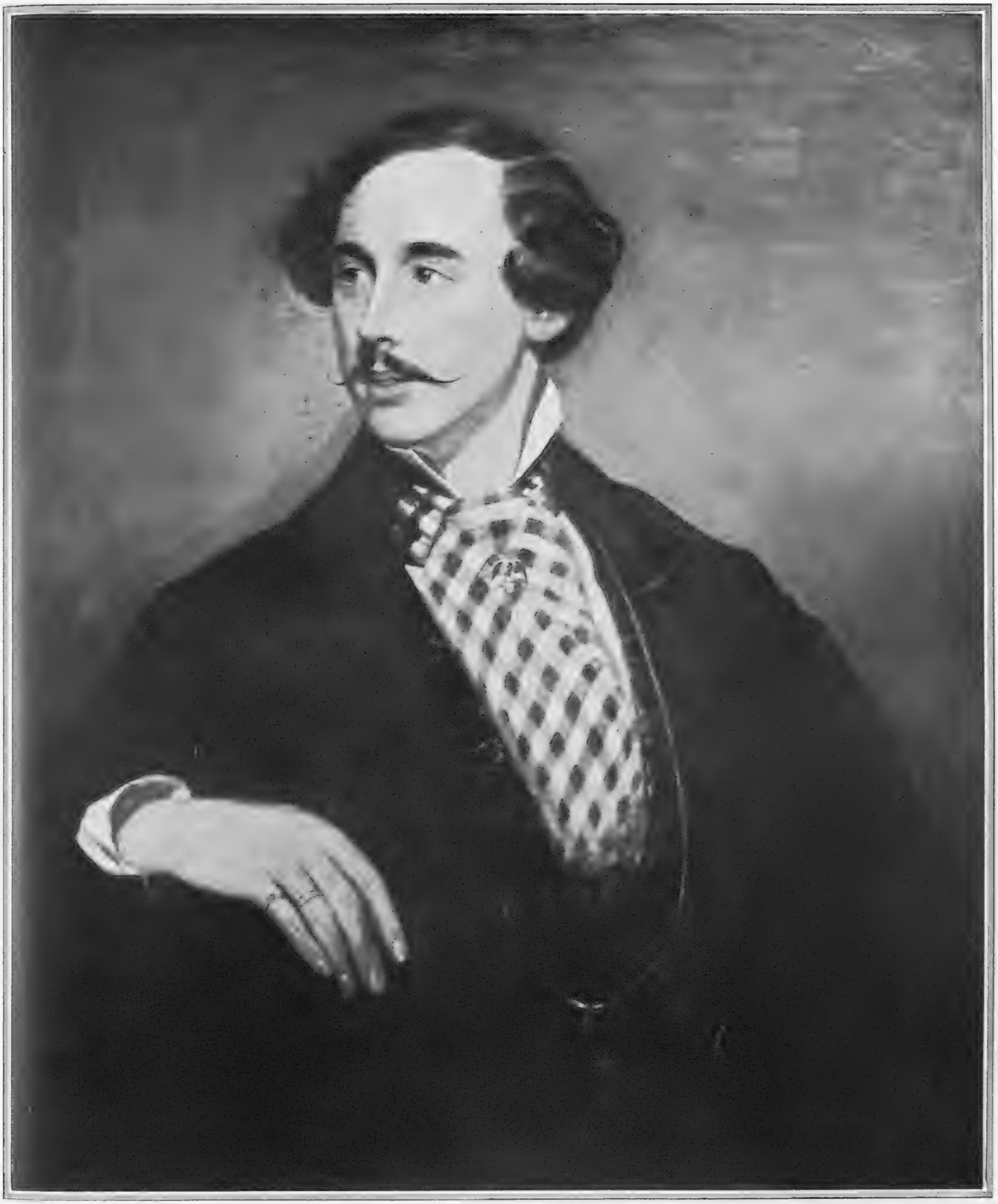
THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH ATTENDS HER FIRST FANCY DRESS PARTY: On left—are the Hon. John and the Hon. David Stewart, the grandchildren of the Duke of Devonshire, and on right—the Duchess of York and the Princess Elizabeth at Lady Mary Stewart's birthday party at Londonderry House

"WE ARE ONE!" A home is required for these 11 months' old twins, a boy and a girl, but all offers will be rejected if the proposed adopters suggest they should be separated. They are at present at the Tower Cressy Nursing Home, Campden Hill, the nursery and home for children, awaiting adoption. Michael and Mary are seen above with one of the nurses

THE NEWEST DANCE DEMONSTRATED: "The Midway Rhythm Glide," the season's latest ball-room evolution, demonstrated by the champion ball-room dancers of the world, Miss Josephine Bradley and Mr. Wellesley-Smith, who are seen above doing the lift step

A *Reputed* PORTRAIT *of* CHARLES DICKENS

An Interesting Picture about to be Sold at Messrs. Sotheby's, which may Prove to be an Hitherto Unpublished Portrait of the Famous Author of the "Pickwick Papers"



A PICTORIAL WHO-IS-IT

The Portrait Believed by some to be that of Charles Dickens to be Sold at Sotheby's Next Week

This remarkable portrait, interesting both from the artistic point of view and for the possibility of its being an hitherto unknown portrait of Charles Dickens, lies at present in the vaults of Messrs. Sotheby's salerooms in Bond Street. The picture is to be offered for sale in a day or so. The picture is on canvas, about 29 by 24 in. It is signed Stephen Humble and dated 1854. It shows a young man with well-curled hair, long thin moustaches, heavy eyebrows, curling lips, and a long, delicate hand. The general feeling and attitude of this hand seems to denote a sensitive and ethereal temperament. There might almost be a pencil or pen between the first and second fingers. The dress is luxurious in character. Beneath the open-throated collar sweeps a cravat of black-and-white check of most generous dimensions. In the centre of the cravat is a gold pin, the head of which is formed by a small eagle with outspread wings; a delicate chain hangs from the shoulders; on the third and fourth fingers are rings. The owner has set forth the history of the picture as far as he is aware. Family tradition, it may be said, describes the portrait as that of Charles Dickens, but a point which militates against this hypothesis is to be found in the fact that authentic pictures of the author as a young and as a middle-aged man both show the hair parted on the right and not the left side. At the age of forty-seven Dickens unquestionably had a long, if not a bushy, beard.

THE WORLD of WOMEN

A "surprise" box of Barker and Dobson chocolates consisting of five trays each containing a different assortment of chocolates. The trays are daintily tied together with ribbon. Price, 5s. per lb.

Bols gin and liqueurs will bring good cheer to your party. For the discerning smoker, Carreras "Piccadilly" (50 cigarettes 2s. 10d.), or the popular Craven A brand packed in velour boxes (50 cigarettes for 2s. 6d.)

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

In a very few days now, Christmas will be here—have you made your final preparations?

Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy is one of the most delightful additions to the festive board at Christmas. It is obtainable in bottles of various proportions down to a miniature size—called "Baby Grants."

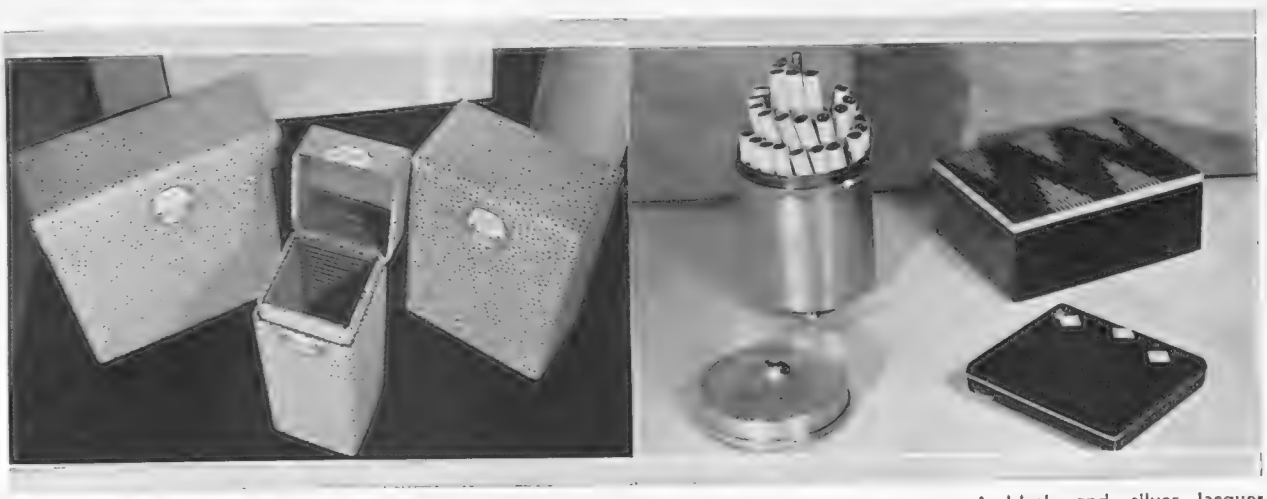
Those who appreciate the mellow richness of Cognac Adet will be interested to learn that until the end of the year an allowance of 15 per cent. off the usual price is made, but to obtain this allowance all orders and cheques should be sent direct to Messrs. Lavender and Langley, Ltd., agents for Great Britain, 21, York Buildings, Adelphi, London, W.C. 2.

A brand of whisky which is sure to find favour as a Christmas gift is Antiquary, a Scotch liqueur whisky distilled by J. and W. Hardie of Edinburgh.

This Christmas the well-known brand of Grant's Whisky, Standard, is sold in special cases containing one, two, three or six bottles. *Above in centre* — Bottles of your favourite liqueur should be added to your wine cellar during the festive season. Above is a bottle of Cognac Adet

Fashions in Christmas gifts come and go, and we certainly live in an age when the practical present is appreciated. With this end in view, Messrs. Drake and Gorham, Ltd., of 36, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1, have issued a most useful booklet entitled *Make it an Electric Gift*, which contains illustrations of electric kettles, irons, bedwarmers, vacuum cleaners, wireless sets, electric fires, etc.. To deal with Messrs. Drake and Gorham is to have the advantage of a firm of old standing who can guarantee the goods they sell, and they are also willing to give the benefit of their advice, free of charge, to anyone requiring information regarding voltages and other matters electrical.

To every boy who loves trains, and what boy doesn't, a visit to see the Bassett-Lowke scale models at 112, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, will be the greatest treat. Here the budding engineer can procure a model locomotive which is an exact reproduction of the giants which he has watched go whizzing by. The powerful spring motor mechanism and controls with which various models are equipped make it possible for the train to be a "long distance" express, in fact as well as fancy, and for the engine to be started, stopped, and reversed without being touched by the hand. Models can be run by clockwork, by electricity or steam. Extra carriages and wagons can be bought separately at moderate prices. The rail is of solid brass and is carried over each section in metal chairs accurately made to scale. These chairs are fixed to model sleepers properly creosoted in realistic fashion. The rail is held in place with wooden keys, exactly as in actual railway practice.



Those who favour King George IV Whisky will be interested to know that Yuletide bottles will be packed in these fascinating cases

A black and silver lacquer cigarette box costs £7 10s. the cigarette case, £8 15s, and the silver cylindrical cigarette box, £5. Mappin and Webb

SOFT WATER

The naturally beautiful skins of Englishwomen should entitle them to vie in complexion-loveliness with the flawless film stars of Hollywood. . . . But for the fact that Hollywood is blessed with soft water, while in England the women have to fight continually against the ravages of hard.

Every time the pipes clog or your cooking utensils become coated, every time dainty fabrics are ruined by over-rubbing on washing day, or faces cut after shaving, it is proved that hard water is almost a national disaster.

We worry about flavourless food, complain over the tastelessness of tea and coffee; we try expensive cures for rheumatism and other ills — and wonder what on earth is the matter with our hair.

All these troubles arise from the same source, and all can be avoided or cured—by installing a water softener in our own homes.

Economy, health, beauty, and comfort are assured; because by a natural method every single drop of household water is then softened and purified.

The instrument is made in various sizes and of graceful, symmetrical proportions.

The size of softener suitable in any particular case is determined by the hardness of the water to be softened taken in conjunction with the number of residents.

Your own particular water softener may be painted to tone with your own particular scheme of decoration, and can easily be fixed to any main.

There is nothing to go wrong and no movable parts.

FURNITURE *and* FABRICS *of* YESTERDAY

An Italian room executed by Hampton's of Pall Mall. The walls and curtains are carried out in a deep parchment colour, and the beamed ceiling is painted in blue and red, with antique finish, whilst the walnut furniture is a reproduction of that of the seventeenth century

The dining-room illustrated above contains a set of extremely fine Hepplewhite shield-back elbow chairs. Against the wall stands a genuine Adam sideboard with pedestals and urns on either side and the dining-table is of the same period. The walls and ceiling are carried out in plain ivory. M. Harris and Sons, New Oxford Street

Here is an eighteenth century library in which pine panelled walls form a suitable setting for the mahogany furniture of the period. Gill and Reigate, George Street, Hanover Square

On right—

Hampton's "Savernake" printed linen (British): a clever reproduction from a needlework tapestry in old-world colourings on natural linen ground. It retails at 3s. 6d. per yard.

A typical 16th century half-timbered room furnished with antiques, with the exception of the "Duvet" easy chair, which is adapted from a Charles II model. Howard and Sons, of Berners Street, London, W.1

THE WORLD of WOMEN — (cont.)

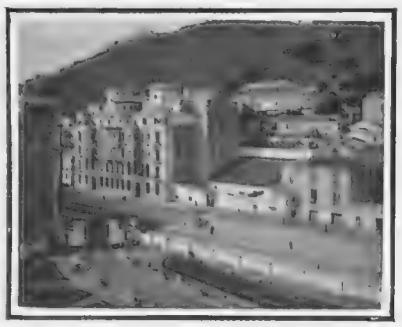
The SPHERE of TRAVEL

MALAGA: The GLORY of ANDALUSIA

Spain's Southernmost Capital is an Ideal Winter Resort

By MERIEL BUCHANAN

To everybody Spain means romance and beauty, but people see it from different angles, have various conceptions of where that romance and beauty lie. For some Spain means the fairy-tale splendour of the Court of the Moorish Princes at Granada, the dream-like beauty of the Alhambra; for some it means the Inquisition, the sombre greatness of Philip II; for some the implacable pride of impoverished noblemen shivering with cold in their great palaces, eating a piece of dry bread off a golden plate, going about in rags, with priceless jewels gleaming on their thin fingers. And again other people when they think of Spain think of the strumming of hidden guitars on some jasmine-scented night, of the click of castanets, the patter of light dancing feet, a stolen meeting in some dark doorway, the rustle of silken skirts on old stone steps, a flutter of secret laughter.



MALAGA ANCIENT AND MODERN: In the foreground the modern quarter of the town is seen while on the dominating heights in the background the old Moorish Citadel rears its ruinous but still impressive bulk

And they think of brigands riding down from a hidden lair in the mountains, of smugglers rowing their boat with muffled oars into some secluded creek. To all of them Spain is a land of mystery and adventure, her women are all beautiful, her men all brave, her palaces, dream castles built of star-dust and sunlight. And Spain means really so infinitely more than the Spain of the past with its glamour and romance and legend, its Moorish Princes and great noblemen and picturesque brigands. It is a country building up a new story, a new prosperity, a country rich in lead and iron, in sugar-cane and cotton, in orange groves and vineyards, a country of good roads, of luxurious hotels, a country that cultivates the spirit of holiday so essential to people worn out by the stress and tumult of present-day existence.

And what more ideal place for a holiday could one find than Andalusia, that most southern county in Spain, and what more perfect spot to fly to from the fogs and sleet and rain of an English winter than Malaga, that exquisite sea-coast town which even the Spaniards, so rich in beautiful cities, have surnamed "Malaga la Bella."

In the town itself ancient and modern Spain stand side by side, for there are up-to-date hotels, old palaces, and churches, broad modern streets, and alleys so narrow that the houses almost meet above one's head. The finest of the modern streets is perhaps the Almeda Boulevard, but the Calle del Marquis de Larios and the streets of Alamos and Altarazonas have many attractions. The best and most luxurious hotel is the Principe de Asturias which was inaugurated by the King of Spain in 1926, and has a first-class restaurant, 300 rooms with private baths, very good tennis courts, and a beautiful view of the sea and park. The Hôtel Regina is comfortable and moderate, and is situated in the centre of the town, while the Caleta Palace faces the sea, and the first-class English Pension on Monte Sancho has wonderful gardens and a magnificent view. Others to be recommended are the Hôtel Regina Victoria, the Pension Limonar, the Hôtel Nizza, and the Hôtel Inglis.

Every year more and more visitors from every part of the world come to this lovely city, and many of the wives of the officers quartered at Gibraltar make their headquarters here, as its unrivalled climate, its beautiful parks and gardens, and the bathing at Limonar make it an ideal place for children.

Originally the Malaca of the Phœnicians, Malaga came under Roman domination after the Punic wars and was made a Municipium by the Emperor Vespasian. Subsequently it came under Byzantine rule till 571 A.D. when it was conquered by the Visigoths and became an Episcopal See. When the Moors invaded Spain early in the eighth century Malaga was attached to the Caliphate of Cordova, later it became a dependant kingdom under Granada and was considered one of the most brilliant and cultured cities in Spain. Finally however, the Moorish kingdom in Granada was overthrown and Malaga surrendered in 1487 to the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Very little remains now of the old Moorish citadel of the Alcazaba which had 132 towers and twelve great doors; and the fortress of Gibralfaro, which is of Phœnician origin, is almost a complete ruin, but a magnificent view can be had from here of the town and the glorious Sierra Nevada mountains at the back. The cathedral, which

THE HARBOUR: The port and lighthouse of Mataga seen from the park. In the foreground on the right is the ornate and stately building of the Town Hall

was begun in 1582, has one tower still unfinished and has many pictures attributed to Andrea del Sarto, Claudio Cello, and Alonso Cano. The beautiful choir stools by Pedro del Mena and the high altar are of exceptional interest, while in the Chapel of Nuestra Señora de los Reyes is the wooden image of the Virgin of Victory which was carried by the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella when they laid siege to the town. There are many other churches in Malaga, among the finest of which is the parish Church of Santiago and the Church of the Holy Martyrs, very beautiful also is the Church of El Cristo de la Victoria built on the spot where the tent of King Ferdinand stood during the siege.

And having seen all the sights in Malaga itself one can go for delightful excursions in the surrounding country. Granada and the beauty of the Alhambra are within easy motoring distance, or one can go to Ronda and visit the Tajo or chasm, which is 350 ft. deep and 200 ft. wide. A little farther away are Cordova and Seville, and there are also lovely drives along the coast to the little villages of Fuengirola, Marbella, and Estefona. And if one tires of excursions one can go down to the harbour and watch the various ships that come and go, battle cruisers from the Mediterranean Fleet, big ocean liners, small cargo steamers from every part of the world, private yachts lying at anchor, coastal steamers, fishing boats, a scene that is always changing, a ceaseless and unvarying interest.

There are many ways of reaching Malaga. One can go overland via Paris taking the Sud Express *de luxe*, and changing at Irun and Madrid, the fare, first-class return, being roughly £19, and second class, roughly £12. Or one can go by the P. & O. steamers sailing from London every Friday, or by the luxurious steamers of the Orient Line, sailing from London every other Saturday and getting to Gibraltar on the fifth day, from whence a comfortable motor-bus takes passengers on to Malaga, the return fare costing first class, roughly £24, and the second class, roughly £17. One can also go by the Woerman Line, sailing from Southampton every three weeks and going direct to Malaga, the return ticket costing, first class, £32, and second class, £24. Still another way is to go by car through France, entering Spain at Santander and going direct via Burgos, Madrid, and Aranjuez to Valdepanaro, from where one can choose between two roads, the one leading through Granada to Morteel, which is a short and very beautiful run along the coast to Malaga, the other road going through Cordova and passing Lucena and Antequera.

Formerly this journey would have been rendered both difficult and dangerous by the state of the roads, which up to a few years ago were in a shocking state of repair, but the Spanish Government, realizing the importance and value of good roads in the present era of motor travel have expended the sum of 600,000,000 pesetas in extensive reconstruction, so that now Spain can boast of better roads than any other country in Europe, the surface throughout being excellent, the sign-posts always exceedingly clear, all dangerous corners having been cut away and the roads banked in the same way as a racing track, thus doing away with the risk of skidding and turning over when rounding a corner.

AUSTRIA *for* WINTER SPORTS

Austria, so favourite a land with numberless English people for delightful summer holidays, is coming rapidly to the front as one in which the winter sports enthusiasts of both sexes can find all they desire. Austria can provide, indeed, fields for ski-ing of unsurpassed merit.

THE SKIERS' PARADISE: Zell-am-See is noted for its wonderful snowfall, as are many other resorts in the Austrian Alps

Although ski-ing is admittedly the most popular form of winter sport, tobogganing, ski-jumping, ski-joring, skating, curling, and ice hockey all have their adherents, and splendid facilities have been provided for their pursuit at such centres as Kitzbuehel, Innsbruck, Zell-am-See, and other resorts.

The first name is probably the most popular with winter sports visitors, and the proportion of English people there in the winter season is high, and the facilities for all kinds of sports excellent. Of course, only those resorts where the hotel accommodation is good and extensive have a great number of foreign visitors; but some of the smaller centres are equally enjoyable for the cosmopolitan winter sports followers. Zell-am-See, a little farther east than Kitzbühel, is a charming resort and, situated upon the shores of a charming lake, ice sports play an important part in the amusements available. Especially notable is the fact that the hotels are good and inexpensive. There are numbers of excellent ski-tours in the mountains surrounding the lake.

The Arlberg district also deserves attention, in which St. Anton and Zürs are becoming increasingly popular with English people.

IN THE GLORIOUS TYROL: A jolly party sets out for a day's run from the headquarters of the Kitzbuhel Sports Club

CHRISTMAS

Seasonal Activities in London and the Country

TRANSFORMATION SCENE: The gorgeous electrical set-piece at Gamage's new emporium in Oxford Street. The lamp cycles operate over a series of nine scenes in an old world village. The sun shines, Santa Claus hovers dropping toys, the clock strikes, snow falls, children appear and disappear, the snow stops, stars appear, and then comes darkness as a prelude to a new beginning. The area is 12,500 sq. ft. and 20,000 lights are employed in it. Stupendous crowds have been attracted by this masterpiece

PRACTISING CAROLS: The new girl scholars of Archbishop Tenison's School, Lambeth, who, under a bequest, are provided with clothes of the date of the school's foundation—1706. They are seen above practising their carols

THE EQUESTRIAN TIGER: One of the most spectacular turns at the Mills' Circus at Olympia this year is the tiger which rides a horse. The equine fear of the striped cat has been successfully overcome

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: A Christmas-tree decoration at one of the great London shops. Above on right—MORE SIGNS OF THE TIMES: Two turkeys of unusual size borne by a "farmerette" on a Warwickshire poultry farm in preparation for the groaning boards of Yuletide

SOCIETY ON *and* OFF *the* STAGE

STAGE AND THEATRE IN ONE: "Wonder Bar" at the Savoy. The panelling of the auditorium has been extended on to the stage

THE ICE CARNIVAL AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: H.H. The Sultan of Johore's party at the great function held in aid of the Sailors' Memorial Hostel Fund. Here are Lady Furness, Sir George and Lady Penny, Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe, and the Sultan and Sultana of Johore. Inset above—are the Marchioness of Linlithgow, Viscount Jellicoe and Lady Patricia Ramsay, who were also present at the carnival

WHICH ARE WHICH? A special "Sphere" picture of a moment in "Wonder Bar," the astonishing entertainment imported from Berlin to the Savoy Theatre. Stage and auditorium represent the interior of a night club and on the first night, when a superlatively smart audience of celebrated first-nighters was present, it was difficult to discern, so well-known were members of the spectators, which were actors and which were not! The illusion was heightened by extending the décor of the auditorium on to the stage. The moment here shown is the invitation to dance received by Miss Dorothy Dickson, who in the picture (inset above) is seen singing in "Wonder Bar." All pictures here shown of this amazing entertainment were taken by the special "Sphere" process which makes use only of the actual lighting in the theatre

FOLLOW THE SUMMER SOUTHWARDS

"BLUE AND GOLD TOURS"

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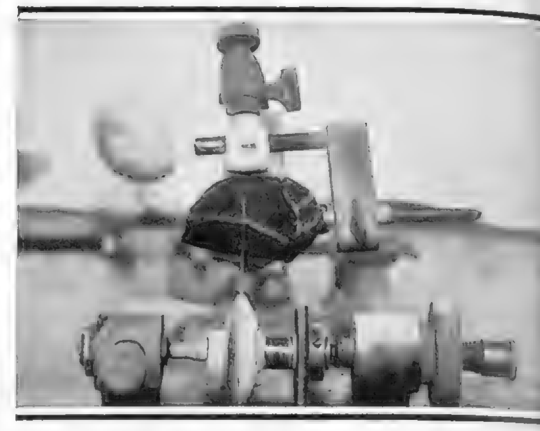
THE GREAT BURMA SAPPHIRE

Which in its Original State Weighed 956 Carats and has now gone to America

CUTTING: Work in progress on the exquisite stone found on the surface of the earth in Burma



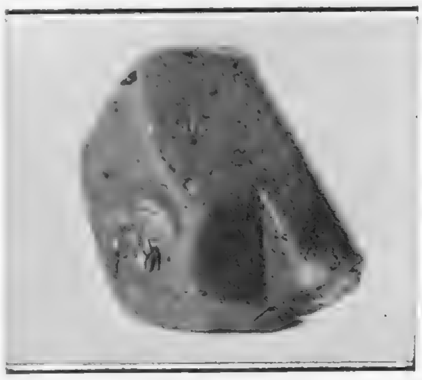
ONE STONE MAKES NINE JEWELS: The great sapphire in the process of cutting

A magnificent sapphire, described as the most beautiful and valuable in the world, and discovered by poor Burmese in the region of the celebrated Mogok mines, Burma, has been acquired by Mr. Albert Ramsay, connoisseur and dealer in precious stones, New York, and has arrived unheralded in America. It is perhaps not too much to say that this is one of the most precious stones ever brought from abroad to the United States.

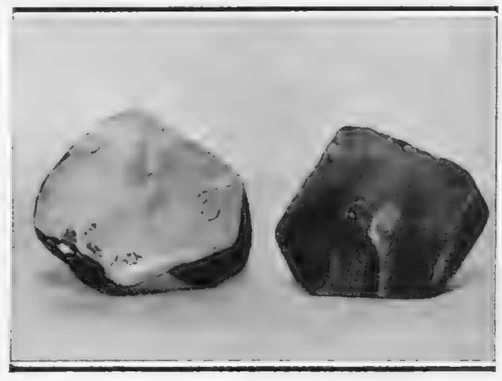
The stone when found on top of the earth by the Burmese, who happened to come across it almost on the surface of the earth, weighed in its original state about 956 carats. Mr. Ramsay, who is an expert in precious stones, says that it is the finest and most important sapphire ever discovered.

The sapphire, a stone of unusual brilliance and beauty, is reputed to be worth from £35,000 to £40,000. In the opinion of the writer, who has been favoured with a glimpse of this remarkable stone, a product of nature and not of man, the gem is worth easily £40,000, for it is not likely that another stone of this character is in existence.

According to cable reports the stone was removed with great secrecy from Burma, and accompanied by guards to prevent attacks from bandits. Since its discovery the Burma sapphire has been cut into nine pieces, and each gem is of alluring beauty. The largest gem weighs 66–53 carats and is oblong in shape.



956 CARATS WORTH £40,000: First aspect of the Burma sapphire



SPLIT INTO TWO: The first stage of the great stone's commercial disintegration

Mr. Ramsay has made the following table of the sizes of the various gems cut from the original stone. The size in carats follows:

66–53 carats.	13–15 carats.
20–11 carats.	11–18 carats.
19–91 carats.	5–57 carats.
12–29 carats.	4–39 carats.
11–39 carats.	

In the rough, when found, the big sapphire weighed 956 carats, and now it is distributed into nine gems as recorded above. In his book on precious stones Mr. Ramsay describes the sapphire and says: "The name sapphire is always applied to blue corundum; like the ruby, which is red corundum, it is cut both faceted and cabochon. The most prized colours of the sapphire are cornflower and royal blue. The translucent variety of sapphire or ruby, when examined in a certain light, shows a six-pointed star; these are cut cabochon and known as star sapphires or star rubies. Corundum is also found in many other colours. Golden yellow, known as yellow sapphire or Oriental topaz, and purple known as the Oriental amethyst. Ceylon, Burma, and Siam are the sources of supply for most of these corundum gems. It is the birthstone of September." In hardness the diamond ranks first with 10 and the sapphire second at 9. The topaz is listed at 8, and the rock crystal at 7, and the feldspar at 6, the apatite at 5, and the fluorsparat 4. The calcite is listed at 3 and rock salt at 2, and talc at the bottom of the table is 1.

In describing a trip to the Mogok Mines, Mr. Ramsay says in his book on precious stones: "The British Government has connected Thabeitkin and Mogok by an excellent road seventy miles in length. The journey is a gentle ascent and the scenery, interesting for the entire distance, is particularly beautiful when nearing Mogok, from which point a panoramic view of the surrounding country is obtained. Mogok, being about 5,000 ft. higher than the river, has a climate delightfully cool in contrast to the heat prevailing in the valley. The mining district comprises about 200 sq. miles, and the mines, controlled by the Burma Ruby Company, are worked in accordance with the most modern practice, the surrounding hills being gradually levelled in the course of operations." "Star sapphires," Mr. Ramsay says, "are native to Ceylon and Burma."

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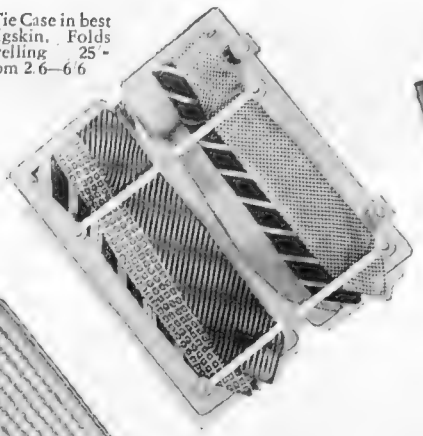
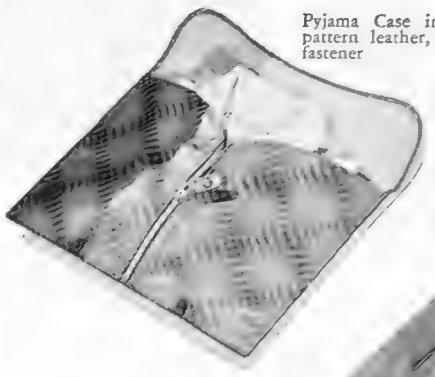
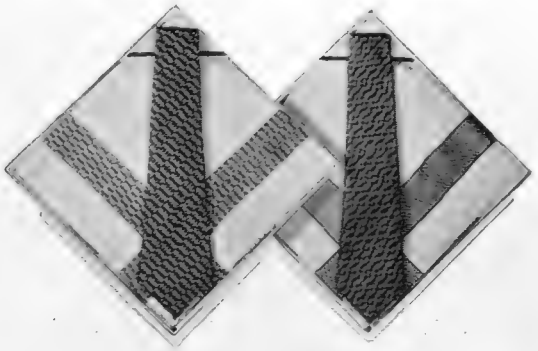


Pyjama Case in radio pattern leather, zipper fastener 15/6



Hairbrush, Comb and Mirror in travelling case of brown willow calf 18/6



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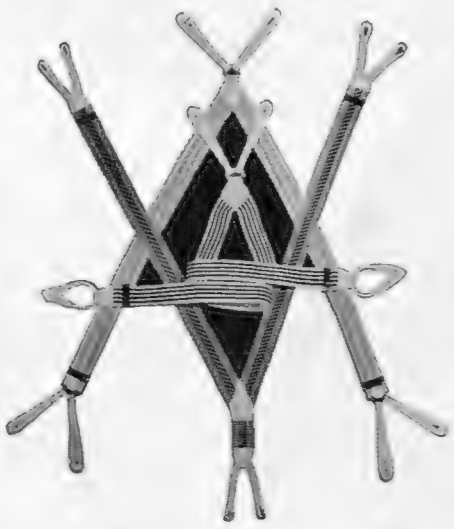

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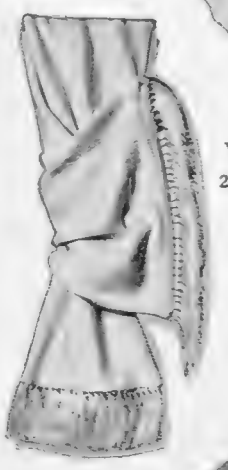

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The SURRENDER of a PHILIPPINE OUTLAW

(Continued from page 505)

moment, retracting the immunity promises which had been given to Sa Ganassi through the sultan. Lieutenant Ylagan's situation was not pleasant. He, too, on the governor's instructions, had been promising the outlaw and his gang full immunity, and, what was more, Sa Ganasi was actually awaiting the governor's arrival in order to surrender to him. Ylagan felt, and rightly, too, that he could not go back on his word, but having not yet actually received the governor's counter order he wisely decided to get over the business with Sa Ganassi before the counter order arrived.

We rushed to the waiting *vintas*, canoes, and pulled out. Two other *vintas* met us. One was filled with *imams* and *sheikhs*, and in the other sat Sultan Sa Tugaya. He asked suspiciously why the governor was not present. He doubted very much if Sa Ganassi would surrender to the lieutenant, as the governor's deputy.

But, Lieutenant Ylagan prevailed upon the Sultan and all the *imams*, and finally convinced them that there was not a minute to lose if they wanted to see their friend, Sa Ganassi, get out of his dilemma unharmed. After a long palaver between the boats we paddled ahead along the shore until we reached a small village called Poted. Ylagan, accompanied by Lieutenant Oppus and myself, went ashore, while the Sultan and his party continued around a point to the *cota*, where Sa Ganassi and his followers had taken refuge and now awaited our arrival. Here we sat for a whole hour, until finally the Sultan sent an *imam* to us with word that Sa Ganassi was going to "give up his body" to Ylagan, but if he were to believe in the promise that nothing was going to happen to him, Ylagan should prove it by "becoming his brother." Among the Muhammadans a brother is quite incapable of doing an adopted "brother" any harm. Ylagan said he was willing.

And so we went into our *vintas* to witness the final dropping of the curtain on the last act of the Sa Ganassi "incident."

We reached our destination in a few minutes. Sa Ganassi's followers awaited us ashore, and as soon as we stepped out of our *vinta* they surrounded us. The officers were armed with pistols. I had only my kodak and a tripod, but somehow the thought of treachery never even entered my head.

Ahead of us a steep winding trail led up to a high grey stone wall with a bamboo ladder hanging outside, affording the only means of scaling it. What a formidable fortress! Ylagan was first to disappear over the wall; I was next, and Lieutenant Oppus last. After us followed the rest of the Moros who had accompanied us from Poted partly out of curiosity, partly because some of them were friends, sympathisers, or members of Sa Ganassi's gang.

In the middle of the fortress stood a bamboo hut. The inside was dark, and it was difficult to see anything at first. Little by little I discovered about a hundred *kris* and *bolo* armed men sitting along the left wall of the hut. Somebody touched my arm and motioned me to sit on the right side.

Now I saw a dominating figure sitting slightly apart from the others. It was Sa Ganassi. He wore a green silk shirt and a red checkered turban. He was a good-looking man, judging even by European standards.

More gaudily dressed Moros filed in inside the little hut. It was not built for an assembly of this size and the supports started to crack suspiciously. Half of the gathering now tried to rush out before the house should tumble down, and a small panic was the result, until Sultan Sa Ganassi's commanding voice stopped the mêlée. Still the house swayed, for there were fully sixty persons crowded within it.

Now an *imam*, himself a follower of Sa Ganassi, stepped forward, and squatting down in front of the outlaw chief, he started to relate in a high pitched voice the last happenings and why this assembly had gathered. Such, I was made to understand, is the Moro custom. Ylagan, who speaks the Lanao dialect, nodded approvingly and then the *imam* finished his litany by a formal invitation for Ylagan to become a brother of Sa Ganassi. There should have been a long ceremony if the affair had been carried out correctly with mixing of blood of both brothers, but for some reason this little detail was dispensed with. The *imam* made all kinds of cabalistic signs over the two brothers' heads and clasped their hands, and then Sa Ganassi bowed deeply and formally "gave up his body" to Ylagan.

A few tense moments followed.

Sa Ganassi considered himself by all the rules of the game a prisoner of Ylagan. Not a sound was heard from the men around us. They all waited for Ylagan to act next.

Ylagan patted the other man on the back and thus sealed the compact of eternal brotherhood.

The Ganassi incident was closed.

But when we finally returned to the post there was the governor's messenger awaiting Lieutenant Ylagan.

When the messenger saw me, he came up and complained :—"I am sorry, sir, that I could not find you. I spent a whole hour looking for you. That's what delayed me." But I wasn't at all sorry that I had delayed him.

BOOKS REVIEWED

By CECIL ROBERTS

(Continued from page 508)

the cost of tit-bits for many a lovely simile and line in his poems.

Mrs. Holden's chapters deal with swallows, chaffinches, tits, thrushes, robins, and sparrows, and several human beings are introduced, one of whom, Papa Flugel, I shall remember for a long time, so memorably is he etched in. This is a book to buy and keep. It is small and illustrated with some excellent woodcuts, and in London town it opens a country window on a garden with birds singing in the rain.

Messrs. Dent continue with the miracle of their "Everyman" series. Here is a new addition, *Oscar Wilde* (2s.), which contains "The Critic as Artist," "The Picture of Dorian Gray," "The Soul of Man under Socialism," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and a "Letter to Robert Ross." It also contains an introduction by Hesketh Pearson. Of all the great mass that has been written upon Wilde, Mr. Pearson's introduction seems to me to be the best I have ever read. Here is an essay without prejudice, sane, stigmatizing a disgraceful public hue and cry. Was Wilde a greater genius as a talker than as a writer? His prose was self-conscious, his poetry wholly derivative, but his wit and consummate grace as a talker are beyond question.

In her latest novel, *One Flesh* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), Rosita Forbes has given us a somewhat dazzling picture of the bright young people, and has crowded her stage with glittering and often tragic figures. Of these, Zara, and Christopher Carlyon, her husband, are the outstanding protagonists, and it is with their mixture of passion and ambition, each striving to possess his own ego, that the story is concerned. I could wish that Rosita Forbes had not set me the tiring but unavoidable task of identifying the people in her story. It has the allure of a cross word puzzle. It's a brilliant canvas, vivid as a procession by Signorelli. There are moments when I find the conversations too clever. "The private relations of men and women are no concern of the State. Its business is to protect the family on which it depends, and extra-marital divagations have nothing to do with this issue." This is said during a foxtrot. But it is good to meet a novel with too many ideas, and a novelist with such zest of life. He who reads this book has to run.

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Elche, Spain.

Granada, Spain.
Partial view of the Alhambra.

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Peñiscola, Spain.
General View.

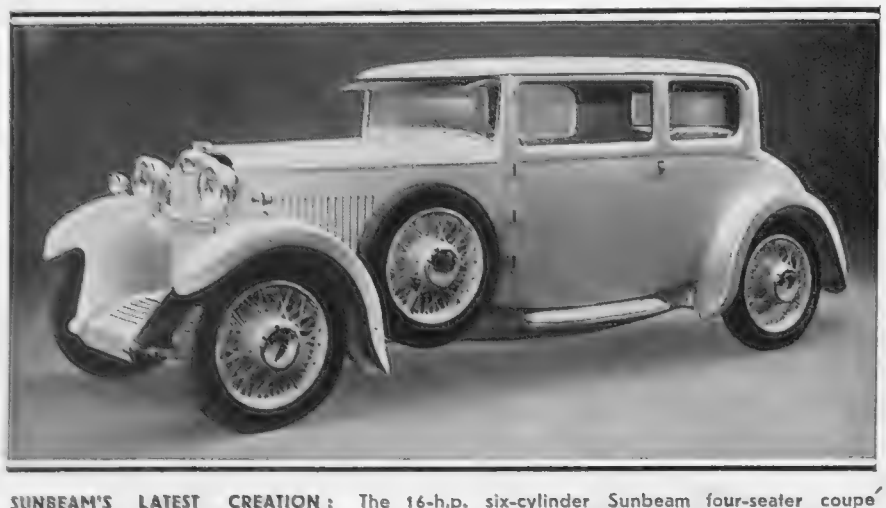
The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

MOTORING AND THE WINDSCREEN WIPER.—Motoring will be more popular than ever this winter for two reasons. First of all there are more motorists, and secondly as each year goes by, more and more owners use their cars in the so-called dead season rather than lay them up for the winter. The days have really gone when the motorist jacked up the four wheels of his car in his garage and waited till the sunny days of spring came round before using it again. Years ago when the most popular model was an open four-seater it was not surprising to find that car driving in the winter proved unattractive. Driving in such conditions as rain, snow, or high wind was far from pleasant, and even with an ample supply of rugs, warm clothing, mufflers and goggles, the chilly atmosphere seemed to get right down into the motorist's bones. What changed all this was the sudden and almost unexpected advent of that simple and now universal accessory, the automatic windscreen wiper. I well remember seeing the first example that ever came to this country and I was only one of a crowd of about a hundred people. We all stood and gazed at the little arm swinging to and fro. It was operated by suction from the induction pipe and as we gazed upon it few of us realized that what we were looking at would cause almost as great a revolution in motoring as did the pneumatic tyre. Closed bodies at that time were few and far between, and they were only found on expensive motor-cars and were only used by people who could afford a chauffeur, for the simple reason that unless one had a partition between the driver's seat and the passengers, in the back the draught caused by opening the windscreen, which was necessary when rain or sleet was falling, was so terrific that the occupants were even more chilled than if they were seated in an open car.

When the automatic windscreen wiper proved to be a practical proposition the windscreen had not to be opened during inclement weather, and owners found that they could drive quite comfortable, thus dispensing with a paid driver. A demand was immediately created for the saloon type of body, and coachbuilders along with motor manufacturers immediately got down to the task of building closed-in cars to suit the purse of a man of moderate means. To-day we know that over 80 per cent. of cars sold are fitted with closed-in bodies, hence the great popularity of motoring in winter.



SUNBEAM'S LATEST CREATION: The 16-h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam four-seater coupé model. The conveniently wide doors afford easy ingress and egress both to the front and rear seats

MAINLY ON SKIDDING.—Motoring at this time of the year certainly calls for slightly more caution because the roads are usually wet or covered with ice. The first thing that owners should look to is their tyres. The majority buy their cars in the spring, and so the tread of the covers has worn down considerably, and obviously the danger of a skid is far more real when the wheels are shod with smooth tyres than when the latter are new. I would advise everyone who uses their car at this period of the year to buy a new set of covers and keep the old ones which are probably good for another six or seven thousand miles until spring comes round again. Badly adjusted brakes can create a skid, too much pressure on one brake can easily start the car moving sideways. If the owner does not feel competent to effect a proper adjustment there are many up-to-date garages where brakes can be tested scientifically at a trifling cost.

Let us presume now that the tyres and brakes of the car are right, and when that is the case the only cause of a bad skid will be unskilful driving. It is a great pity that every motorist is not taught the rudiments of mechanics before he is allowed to sit behind the wheel. If his knowledge was thus enlarged he would always realize that a moving body such as a car prefers to carry on in a straight line and that if by moving the steering-wheel he deviates from that particular course it is only the friction between the tyres and the road that enables him to alter his direction. Obviously when the roads are greasy or slippery on account of ice the friction available is greatly diminished. Hence all deviation from a straight line in winter should be carried out with caution. Again, the higher the speed the greater the amount of friction necessary to hold the car when turning a corner or altering one's direction when passing another vehicle. I would, therefore, warn winter motorists to reduce their usual cruising speed unless they are more than usually skilful in controlling a car when it commences to gyrate. Sudden braking is another prolific cause of skids, because the brakes can only absorb the colossal momentum of the moving car so long as sufficient friction exists between the tyre treads and the surface of the road. Once again a skid when braking depends on the speed of the car.

SKIDDING PRACTICE.—I would like to see every car driver try driving through London and during a journey in the open country without using his brakes

(Continued on following page)

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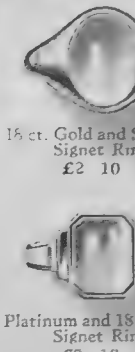

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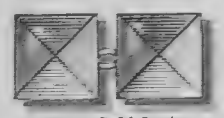

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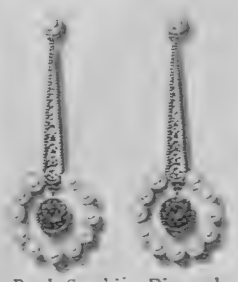

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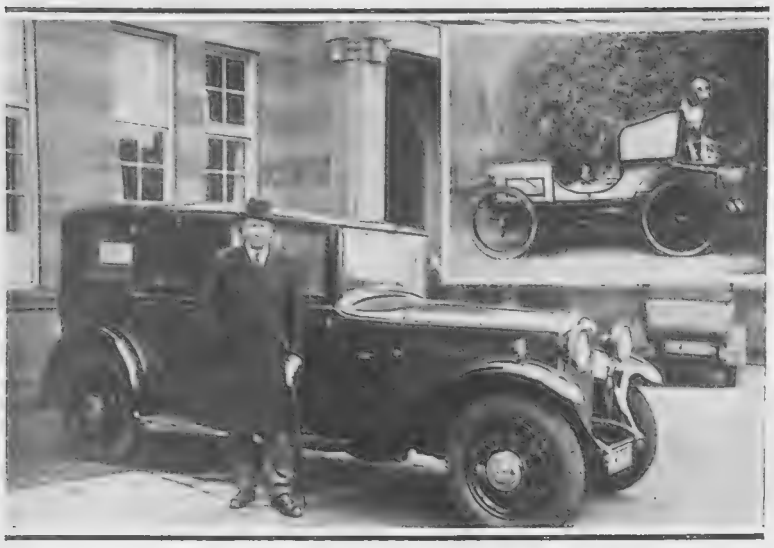

HUMBER—OLD AND NEW: Mr. F. A. M. H. Vincent, C.I.E., C.B.E., M.V.O., late Commissioner of Police of Bombay, seen with one of the latest Humber Snipes. In 1902 Mr. Vincent was the owner of the Humber inset above

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(*Continued from preceding page*)

DAIMLER—OLD AND NEW: An 1898 6-h.p. two-cylinder Daimler with four people aboard "going strong" in the recent "old crocks'" run to Brighton, shown alongside a six-cylinder 20-h.p. model

at all, because the man who drives, as it were, "on his brakes" will one day during the winter receive the fright of his life.

Whilst commenting on skidding it surprises me that someone in the garaging world is not enterprising enough to lay down a skidding ground where drivers could practise correcting a skid without endangering themselves, their cars or others. The sort of place I envisage is the skidding ground at the Chiswick Works of the London General Omnibus Company. Here every omnibus driver is taught how to correct a skid and to steer a waltzing bus through a narrow space staked out by obstacles which lightly rest on the ground. Skids are only terrifying because so few people ever take the trouble to practise correcting them. As we have no private test grounds the owner would be well advised to go out some morning when the conditions are ripe and purposely put his car into a skid on a wide empty road. He should remember that his car is most unlikely to upset provided his wheels do not strike an obstacle. An hour spent in this way will have a most surprisingly reassuring effect.

INTERESTING ITEMS OF NEWS.—It is not generally known that the famous firm of Bentley Motors Limited are now concentrating their efforts on producing super motor carriages. Racing no longer finds a place in their programme, but all their past experience in speed events, which is probably greater than that of any other British motor firm, is being digested, and what is useful for the general public is being absorbed into their design and manufacture with the result that the modern Bentley car reaches a state of perfection which I cannot believe is greater in any of their competitors' models. Being down at Brooklands every day I cannot help seeing how thoroughly Bentley cars are tested. Like a wise firm they realize that the track at Weybridge is an ideal place for such a purpose. Scarcely a day passes but that one of these cars is not flying round the track. It says much for the springing and the stability of the chassis, for the driver and his mechanic appear to sit on nothing more substantial than a soap-box. I have not yet had an opportunity of trying the new big Bentley, but I have made arrangements to do so before Christmas. Already I have a very high opinion of the chassis, and I feel certain that I shall not be disappointed when I put it through its paces.

Italy is recognized as having produced some of the finest racing motorists in the world, but it is not generally known that Mussolini himself is a "high speed merchant." In a report from Rome it is alleged that the Dictator frequently drives at 80 m.p.h., and an Italian newspaper has urged the Prefect of Rome to suspend the Duce's driving licence. That Mussolini, however, is not alone amongst speedy politicians was proved recently. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was shown on one occasion a Silver Eagle Alvis saloon. When told that it was capable of 80 m.p.h., he replied, "that is fast enough for me, I enjoy speed." Up to date there have been no appeals for the suspension of the Prime Minister's driving licence. Perhaps Signor Mussolini's actions speak louder than Mr. MacDonald's words; perhaps it is that the more stolid British race is inclined to let its leader look after himself; or perhaps we have more confidence in the safety of our own fast cars.

From Durban comes an account of a most interesting unofficial reliability trial recently undertaken by Mr. S. Healey, a local dealer, and Mr. Baron Boyel, a journalist, of that city, in a standard two-seater Triumph Super Seven. The course lay from Durban to Lourenço Marques and back again, and the outward journey, a distance of 548 miles, was completed in 18½ hours. This represents an average speed of nearly 30 m.p.h. including time lost during meals and at the various frontiers crossed. Furthermore it is clear, from Mr. Boyel's account of the trip, that some very gruelling surfaces were encountered. In Mr. Boyel's own words, "the Triumph had no trouble whatsoever from start to finish of this run, one of the most strenuous tests undertaken with a light horse-power British car."

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In these days when economy must be exercised in Motoring, as in all other things, it is surely a vast advantage to buy "the car that depreciates least." Any car with that quality would be attractive, but when additionally it is one which in all other things—Tax, Insurance, Running and Upkeep Costs—strikes the top note in Economy, it is surely worth while to give it serious consideration.

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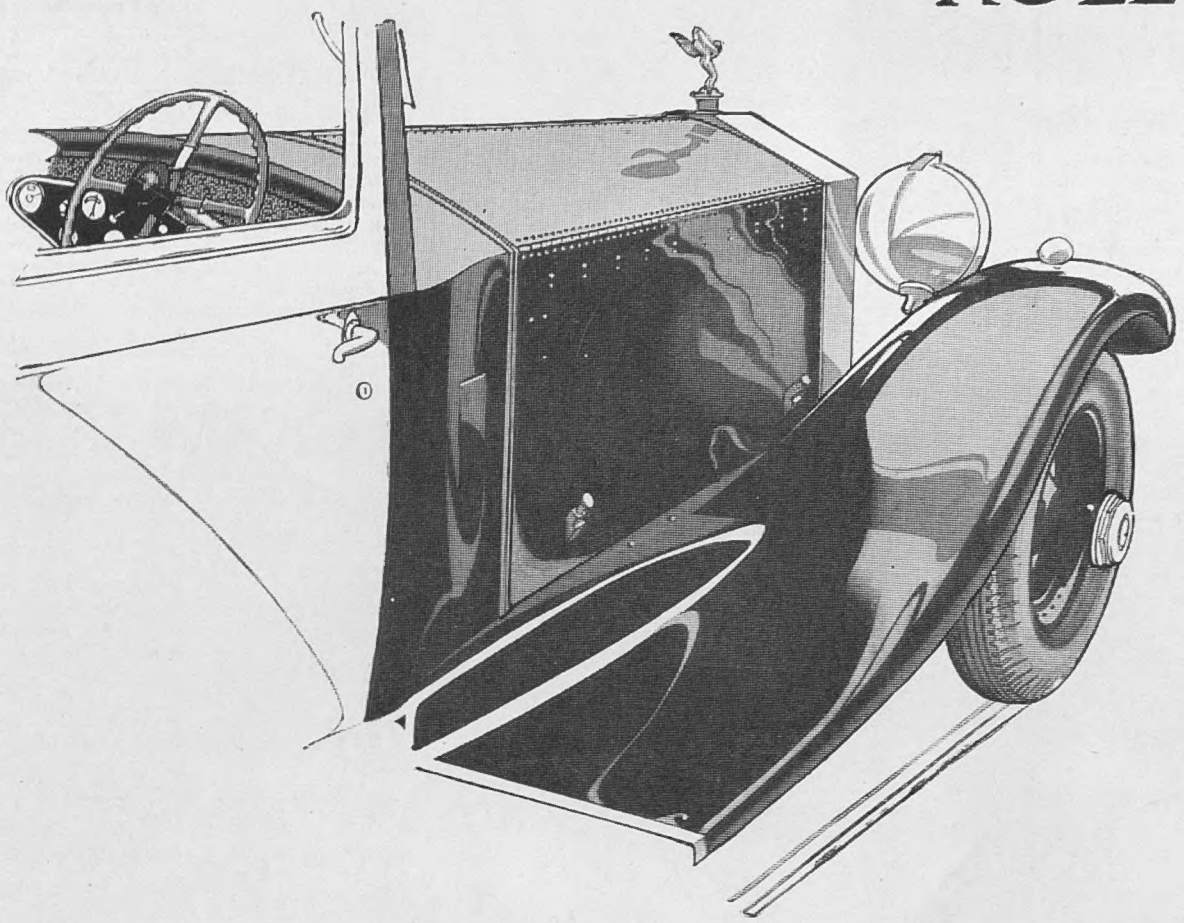

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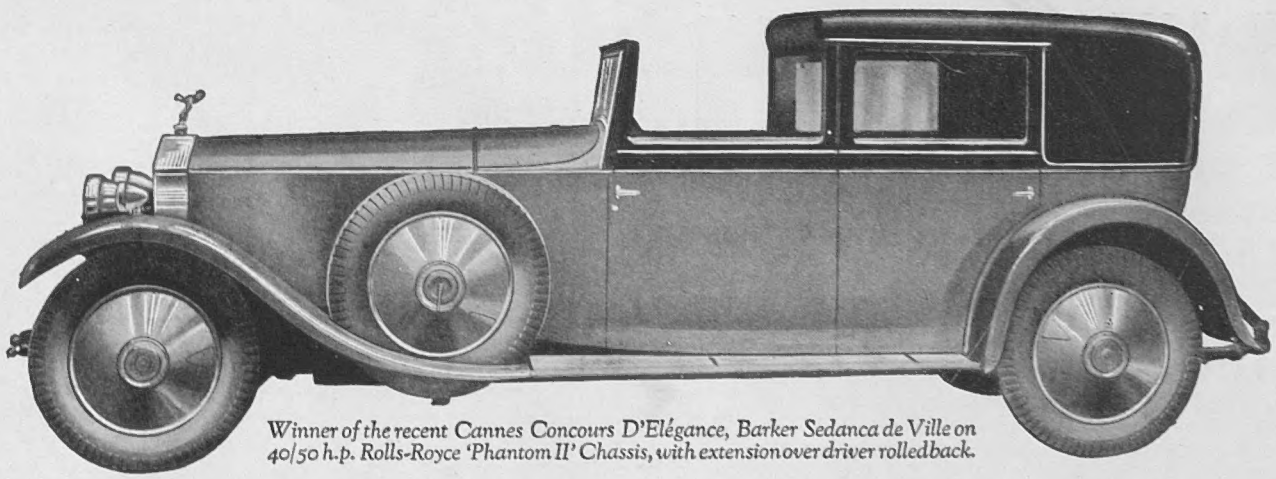

Winner of the recent Cannes Concours D'Elégance, Barker Sedanca de Ville on 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce 'Phantom II' Chassis, with extension over driver rolledback.

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UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEWS REVOLT

By FERDINAND TUOHY

(Continued from page 501)

A luncheon at Geneva this September brought me next to a South American delegate who was uncompromisingly outspoken about his countrymen's sentiments *vis-à-vis* Uncle Sam. After mentioning that "the first real and regular conquest of the air will take the form of vast flying boats from Europe to South America, this southern airway being the shortest and safest, with islands in between which will be supplemented by tankers in mid-ocean, it will be as quick to get to London as to New York," my neighbour enquired how an old and proud race like South Americans—all, save Brazil of the Incas, emanations of old Spain—should do other than recoil from prospective assimilation by a country where Al Capone was king and where the governing economic thesis (higher wages and mass production) had proved a fiasco? There must be something radically wrong with that country, said my neighbour. Let it settle down and seek to tackle its own shocking state and not mind about spreading its culture to others far better equipped. The feeling against the United States was very, very high in South America.

Big words. Yet, alas, are they not substantially true? My morning paper says, "Al Capone is the personification of our day and Caponism is the fine flower of our national philosophy," and quotes the Mayor of Youngstown, Ohio. Is not Fordism a second "fine flower"? At least, I have yet to learn of any land having gone nap on a blinder or more idiotic gospel than that of banking on popular consumption continuing for ever—nay, in increasing volume—once the populace has acquired the articles it wanted. What irony that it is among the Detroit slaves that unemployment is highest. Behold the market swamped with churned-out, unwanted production and this Henry Ford whom we have been seriously exhorted to imitate, obliged henceforward mainly to rely on "replacements." The word is from the November *Harper's*.

NOTES and NEWS

WALKER'S DIARIES

One does not need to be a Pepys or an Evelyn to keep a diary—or to need one. Even if one does not record one's impressions and sensations of a Marie Bashkirtseff or chronicle the peccadilloes of one's friends for posterity either to guffaw or yawn over, one may want to keep a check on one's personal expenditure, a note of one's engagements social or business, or even a record of one's activities. In such case, Walker's Diaries are eminently suitable for any purpose. A week at an opening, two weeks to an opening, a day to a page, wallet diaries, tablet diaries, desk diaries, half-hour appointments, quarter-hour appointments, ladies' diaries, year by year diaries, loose-leaf diaries, all are available in tasteful bindings and in a variety of sizes to satisfy the most exacting. The paper and the printing are of superfine quality and each diary (silk sewn) carries with it a £1,000 accident insurance coupon.

THE ORIENT LINE

A folder notable both intrinsically for its decoration and extrinsically for its matter, has been issued by the Orient Line. It concerns the cruises to Mediterranean and Atlantic islands organized for 1931 by this famous steamship company. On April 18, S.S. *Orontes* goes to the Middle Sea touching at Algiers, Malta, Palermo, Palma and Gibraltar, returning on May 8, to leave again the following day for Tangier, Malaga and Vigo. This cruise ends on May 22 and on May 23 she sets forth on another cruise touching at Cartagena, Iviza, Barcelona and Malaga. S.S. *Oronsay* from May 2 to May 26 goes to Tangiers, Rhodes, Dubrovnik, Malta and Algiers. S.S. *Orford* is scheduled for three cruises: (*a*) June 13–29 to Teneriffe, Las Palmas, Madeira, Tangier and Malaga; from August 15–28, to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Palma, Ceuta and Vigo; and from August 29–September 13, to Gibraltar, Corfu, Brioni, Venice and Palma. The cruises cost from 21 to 42 guineas minimum fare, the times occupied varying from thirteen to twenty-one days.

LOSE LESS LINEN

The laundries are a source of perennial humour to certain periodicals and comedians and, like many jokes, this has its foundation in the fact that such things as handkerchiefs, socks, stockings, etc., are easily lost or mislaid. Boys at school who take their own equipment, housewives who have a great deal of "white" materials to deal with, matrons of institutions who have incalculable quantities of linen to check—all will derive considerable advantages from the use of Cash's woven names. The firm of Cash has also specialized in the production of a special woven lingerie ribbon which will stand the strain of vigorous exercise and yet will not break or fray. They may be obtained in a variety of widths and in a wide range of colours.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

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